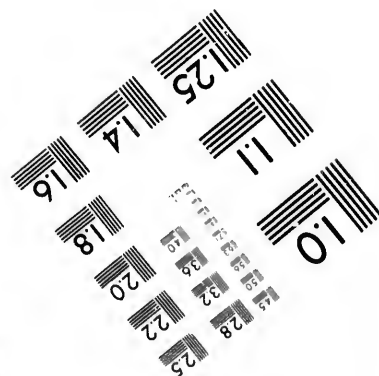
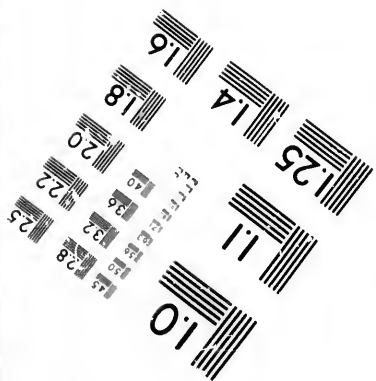
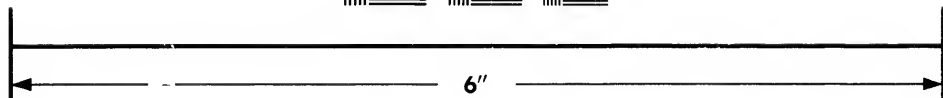
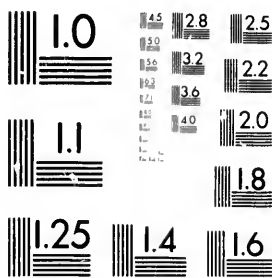


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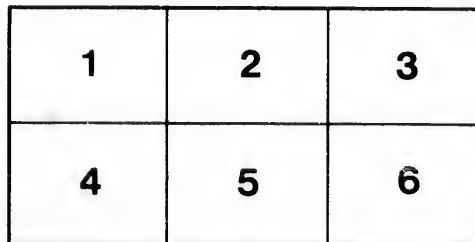
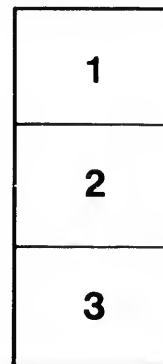
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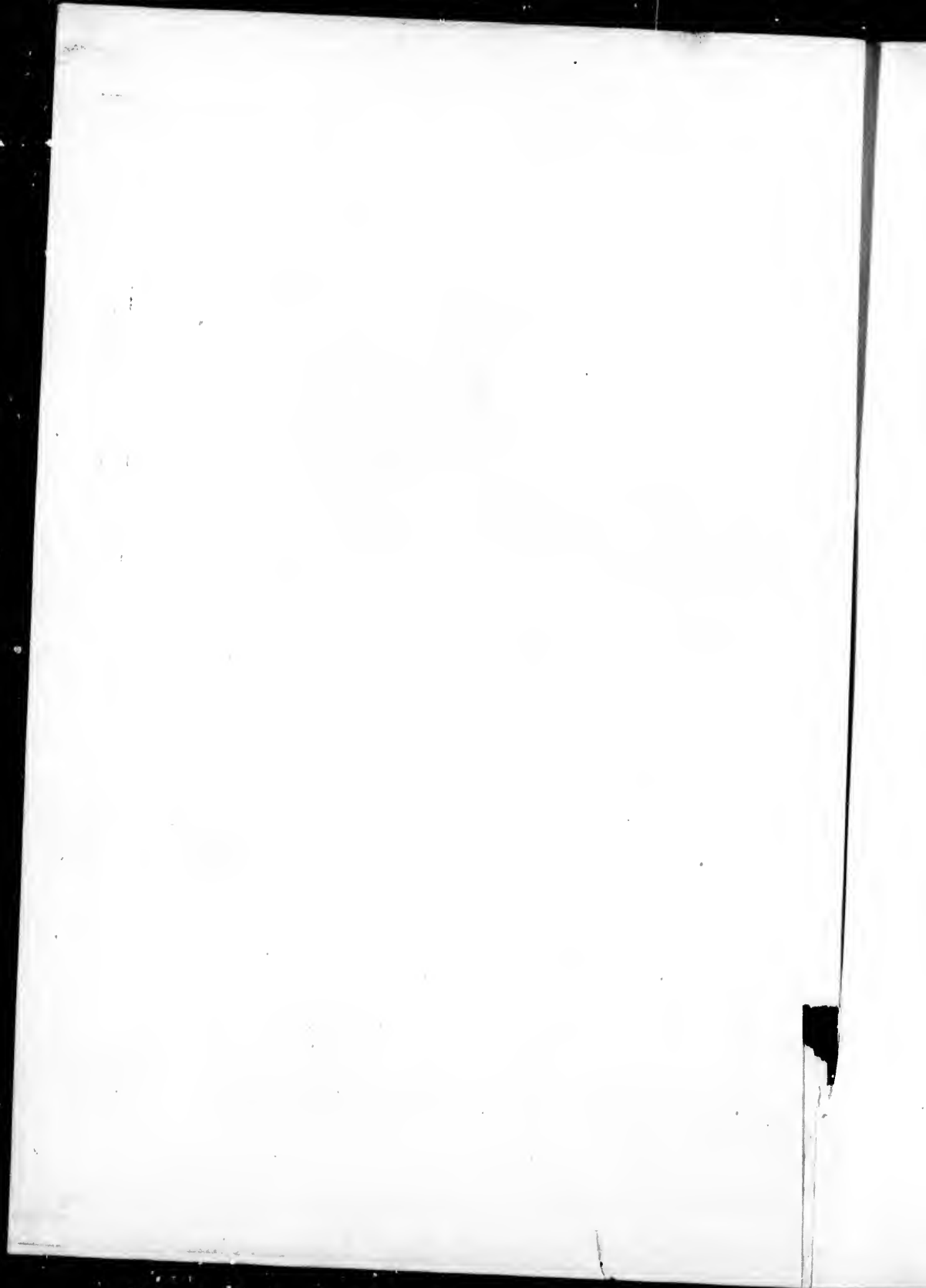
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CE

BACON

VERSUS

SHAKSPERE:

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENDANT.

BY

THOMAS D. KING.

. "The end crownes all ;
And that old, common ARBITRATOR, Time,
Will one day end it,"

Troilus and Cressida, Act iv., Sc. 5.

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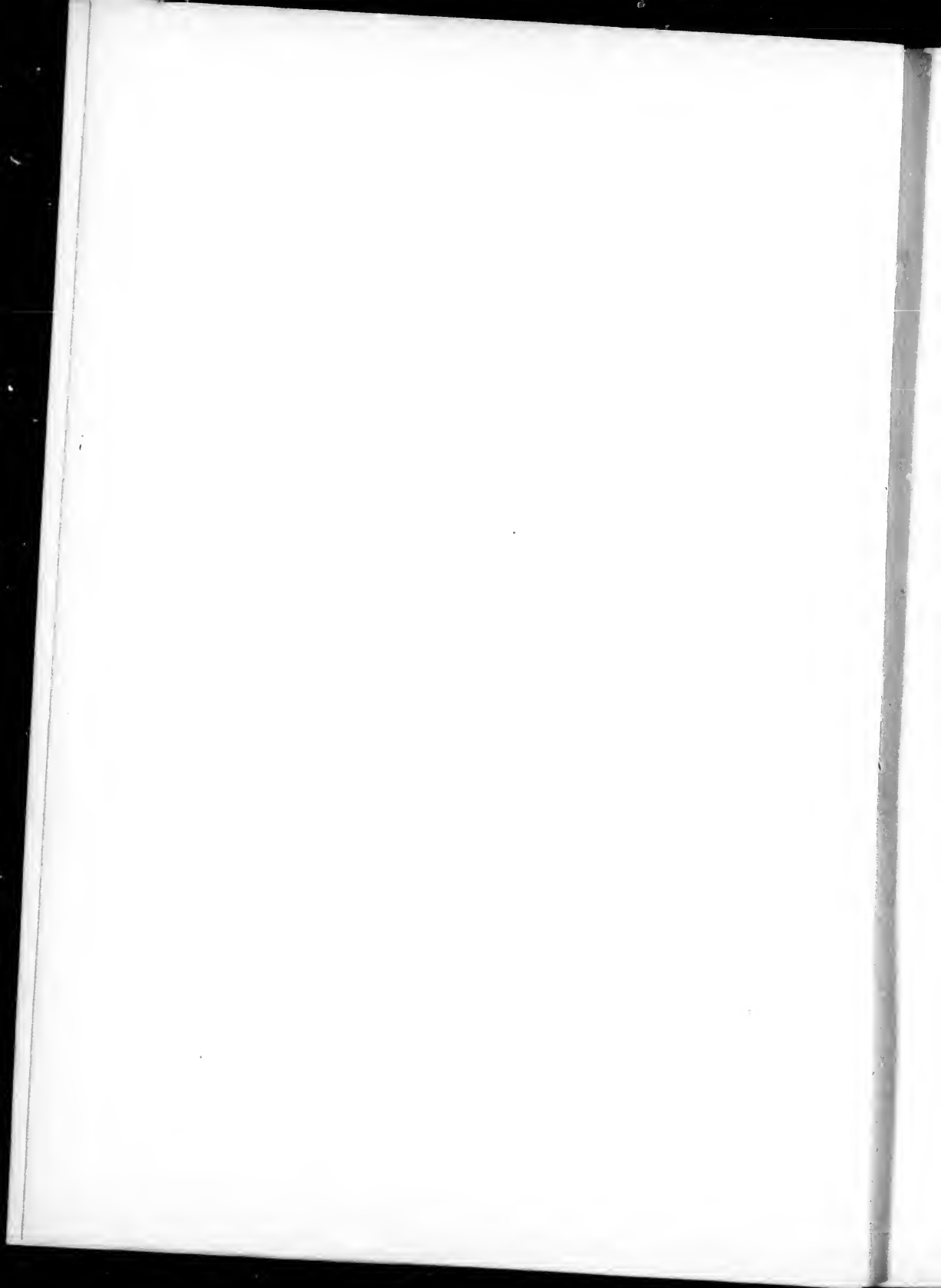
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1
*Some Papers
with the author's
Compliments*

TO
THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL CORNWALLIS MONK,
ONE OF THE JUSTICES
OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF APPEALS
OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA,
TO WHOSE PERSONAL KINDNESS AND
ENCOURAGEMENT IN LETTERS THE AUTHOR IS INDEBTED,
THIS BROCHURE IS DEDICATED,
NOT ONLY AS DUE IN FRIENDSHIP,
BUT ALSO AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS EMINENT ENDOWMENTS, AND TO
HIS ATTAINMENTS AS A JURIS-CONSULT,
WITH THIS REGRET,
THAT THE WORK IS NOT COMMENSURATE WITH THE ESTEEM THE
AUTHOR HAS SO LONG HELD FOR ONE SO DISTINGUISHED
FOR HIS RIPE AND SOUND SCHOLARSHIP.



PREFACE.

He who opens this little book under the expectation of finding an exhaustive defence of Shakspeare against the "*Baconian Theorists*," and an absolute establishment of his authorship had better close it, because it has no pretensions to be a complete thesis on the subject, although the various arguments follow some kind of order, though perhaps, irregular.

The writer has simply given expression to his belief in Shakspeare as the author of "the best plays in our language," and his unbelief in Bacon's authorship of them.

He lays no claim to originality, because most of his arguments must have presented themselves to many readers and students of both Shakspeare and Bacon, though they may not have been publicly expressed.

He lays no claim to scholarship, neither is he desirous to appear learned, nor to be puffed up with the vanity of authorship, but he is desirous—as every man should be, to defend his friend from "*back-wounding-calumny*"—to

shield the character of Shakspeare, from the shafts of malice aimed at his reputation as a man and an author.

The calumny of Nathaniel Holmes and the "*Baconian Theorists*" would soon "starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging;" but as it is to be found in the libraries of Jurists and Scholars, in the closets of Divines and Students, on the book-shelves of Skeptics, and in the drawing-rooms of the Dilettanti, the writer hopes this plea for Shakspeare, will prove an antidote to slander's "poison'd shot."

MONTREAL,
February 27, 1875.

Thos. D. King

BACON *versus* SHAKSPERE.

Noverint universi per presentes.

THE master-spirits and the most commanding intellects of the past and present century have with one consent believed that William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, gentleman, was the author of the plays collected and published in 1623 by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and humbly consecrated to the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren William, Earle of Pembroke, &c., &c., and Philip, Earle of Montgomery, &c., both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular good Lordes, and entitled Mr. William Shakspeare's Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories published according to the True Originall Copies; notwithstanding, Wm. Hy. Smith, in a letter to Lord Ellesmere, dated 1856, *attempted* to prove that the plays called Shakspeare's were

written by Bacon, but he did not make good his postulate; nevertheless, there has arisen another champion in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, a giant who has made a challenge against any disciple of Shakspeare that would come out and fight him, throwing down the gauntlet with this scoffing, and audacious, if not blasphemous utterance:—“*We worship in Jesus what belongs to Plato; in Shakspeare what belongs to Bacon.*”

This exalted giant is not singular, but plural: his name is legion. He speaks with authority: he assumes the style and title of Majesty itself. The word WE is a most important sound. This lusty challenger denies the existence of Shakspeare as a Dramatist and Poet though it be attested by tradition, testimony, coincidences, and consecrated by time.

It has been written “that there shall come in the last days scoffers,” and of others, it has been said, that they should have sent “them strong delusion that they should believe a lie.”

Of the temerity of Nathaniel Holmes and other authors of the "*Baconian Theory*" there can be no doubt, and, perhaps, my temerity will not be questionable if I trespass upon the patience of my readers, after so much has been written on the subject by men who have won their spurs in the lists of English Literature; yet, I trust in being pardoned for slinging a stone at this "*literary Goliath*," compared with whom, in hardihood, the most of our modern Shaksperian critics are in point of fact

"as that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes."

The general and almost universal concession of our modern playwrights and actors of any culture, or note, has been that the author of the plays which common belief and tradition assign to Shakspeare, were, and must have been written by a man most thoroughly acquainted with "stage business," therefore, it may be assumed that that man was not Bacon.

There are, to my mind, other things to be

considered which are conclusively against the "*Baconian Theory*," and though I may not have the gowaman's skill, "truth from specious falsehood to divide," I shall endeavour to discuss fairly and dispassionately the obvious improbabilities of the "theory."

Imprimis.—It can be clearly shown by reference to Collier's *Annals of the Stage* that Heminge and Condell, the friends and fellow-theatrical proprietors, and literary executors of Shakspeare, (though not officially appointed,) were well ordered in their behaviour and just in all their dealings. For upwards of thirty years they had lived in good repute, and, doubtless by inference, they "kept their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil-speaking, lying and slandering, and did their duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call them." From their long intimacy with Shakspeare, their daily converse with him during the theatrical seasons at the "Globe and Blackfriars," their companionship in travel, their consultations with him relative

to readings, cues, and stage business, they must have known whether he was or was not the author of the plays dedicated in 1623 to the Earles Pembroke and Montgomery. If Shakspeare was not known to them as the author, then they practiced a *lie* upon those "singular good lordes," for the proper notion of a *lie* is an endeavouring to deceive another by signifying that to him as true, which we ourselves think not to be so. Who shall dare say Heminge and Condell lied? Could these men be not only deceivers and hypocrites, but ingrates to those "most incomparable paire of brethren," whom no man could "come neare but with a kind of religious addresse," and who "prosequuted" Shakspeare, when living, with so much favour, "using *him* after *their* own honour and dignity!" Was their false dedication fitting to "a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude to both the living and the dead?"*

* Pembroke, the son of Mary, the sister of that chivalrous and truly noble man, Sir Philip Sidney, was, according to his biographer, not only a great

Could rare Ben Jonson, who is worthy of our love and respect, have *lied*, in consequence of the close friendship which existed between Shakspeare and himself, when he wrote under Droeshout's print, facing the title page of the 1623 edition, the following significant lines, meagre and generalizing though they be:—

favourer of learned and ingenious men, but learned himself. He was universally loved and esteemed, had a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply and enlarge upon it. He had a large fortune, which he used nobly, and as his conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding, he must have known both Shakspeare and Bacon, and would at once not only have detected Heminge and Condell's lie, but resented and punished it. Again, Pembroke was very liberal towards literary men, who needed support or encouragement, and doubtless had been munificent to Shakspeare and his fellows, judging from Heminge and Condell's "Epistle Dedicatorie" commencing—"Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your Lordshipes." The "Epistle Dedicatorie" is in itself very strong circumstantial evidence against Nathaniel Holmes' theory—if not absolutely conclusive.

“This Figure, that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his picture, but HIS BOOKE.”

“What a goodly outside falsehood” had when Shakspeare, himself, dedicated the first heir of his invention, “VENUS AND ADONIS,” to the gallant and literary Henry Wriothlesly, Earle of Southampton, a nobleman whose public and private virtues were notorious, and whose liberality to men of genius and learning was one of his highest titles to praise.

In reference to the noble Earle's liberality and friendship to Shakspeare, Rowe says that there was a story, handed down by Sir William Davenant, that “my Lord Southampton at one time gave Shakspeare a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase

which he heard he had a mind to." The story, though probable, may want confirmation as to the amount, but when Shakspeare afterwards dedicates to the noble Earle "The Rape of Lucrece" he alludes to his munificence in these words:—

"The warrant of your *honourable disposition not the worth of my untutored lines*, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being in part in all I have, devoted yours."

From these sentences it may be inferred that Shakspeare had tasted largely of the Earle's bounty. Words of acknowledgment could scarcely be stronger.

Did Shakspeare practice a deceit upon his noble and generous patron? Could he be guilty of a lie? Could he make lies his refuge, and under falsehood hide himself to get the bounty of this Earle?

Earl Southampton in a letter, a transcript of which (*copia vera*), found in the Ellesmere collection, writes to some nobleman, in behalf of

the players interested in the "Blackfriars" generally, and of Shakspeare and Burbage in particular, at a time when the Lord Mayor of London threatened the destruction of the Blackfriars Play-house:—

"These bearers are two of the chief of the company; one of them, by name Richard Burbage, who humbly sueth for your Lordship's kind help; for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius; one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his quality, *industry and good behaviour*, he has become possessed of the Blackfriars Playhouse, which has been employed for plays sithence it was builded by his father, now near fifty years ago.

"The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, *and my especial friend*; till of late an actor of good account in the company, now, a sharer in the same, and *writer of some of our best English plays*, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen

“Elizabeth, when the company was called upon
“to perform before Her Majesty at Court at
“Christmas and Shrovetide, &c., &c.—both are
“right famous in their qualities, though it
“longeth not of your Lordship’s gravity and
“wisdom to resort unto the places where they
“are wont to delight the public ear.”

“Their trust and suit now is not to be
“molested in their way of life, whereby they
“maintain themselves and their wives and fami-
“lies (both being married and of *good reputa-*
“*tion*), as well as *the widows and orphans* of
“some of their dead fellows.”

This document has been avowed, by those
best competent to judge, to be a genuine and
authentic manuscript of the period; if so, what
a lesson it conveys to this selfish generation—
the true Nobility of aristocracy, and that pure
religion which “visits the fatherless and the
widows in their affliction.”

Ben Jonson, envious as he was of Shaks-
pere, and even girded at his York and Lan-
caster plays, at “The Winter’s Tale” and

"The Tempest", in the prologue to "Every Man in his Humour," acknowledges Shakspeare's good qualities as a man in these words:—

"I loved the man, and do honour his memory, "on this side idolatry, as much as any; he was "indeed honest, and of *an open and free nature*, "had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and "gentle expressions." All who addressed him seem to have uniformly connected his name with the epithets—*worthy, gentle and beloved*.

Liars are not made out of gentle, worthy and beloved men, possessing also open and free natures.

Bacon, in his Essay on Simulation and Dissimulation, says:—

"Certainly the ablest men that ever were, "have all had an *openness and frankness* of "dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity."

Now, Shakspeare would have been guilty of dissimulation, or rather simulation, by pretending to be the author of the "Venus and

Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" when he was not. Heminge and Condell would also be guilty of simulation by a suppositious foisting upon the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery "The Workes of William Shakspeare, truly set forth from the originall," if they were not.

But the "Baconian Theorists" are honourable men, all of them, yet they virtually charge Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Heminge and Condell with being robbers and liars, and my noble and "singular good Lordes," Pembroke, Montgomery and Southampton with being abettors and accessories:—*

"He that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him."

Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Heminge and Con-

* The honour of these most noble earls is above suspicion. They could not have been privy to any literary deception. We may as well imagine that Edward Geoffrey Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, or George William Frederic Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, could have been liars and deceivers

dell, who were honourable men in their generation, must have conspired together to rob Bacon of his fame; and those accomplished scholars and gentlemen, Pembroke and Southampton, friends of Bacon's benefactor, Essex, must have been participators in Shakspeare's deceit in assuming merits which he did not really possess, if they had the least suspicion in their minds that he was not the author of the plays and poems dedicated to them.

What a *hypocrite* or simulator Ben Jonson must have been, considering his intimacy with Bacon, translating his writings into Latin, to apply to Shakspeare, in his glowing eulogy, words due to Bacon; for it is hard to conceive that Bacon could have kept his dramatic writings, poems, and sonnets a secret from Jonson, however much he may have thought such things too frivolous for a great philosopher. What makes the matter look worse is the statement of Nathaniel Holmes, if it is worth anything, wherein he says:—

“In fact it would be well-nigh incredible that

a scholar like Ben Jonson, who was so familiar with Bacon and his writings, as he must have been, should not have discovered the hand and soul of Francis Bacon in these plays of Shakspeare as certainly as a Bernouilli the genius of Newton in the anonymous solution of a mathematical problem—*ex ungue Leonem*—especially when he ventured to write in this manner in the Sonnets:—”

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time I do not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?

Sonnet lxvi.

It is not shown that Ben Jonson did make the discovery! Was it from his want of perception? or was it not, the rather, from his certain knowledge that Bacon was not the author of the plays, and that Shakspeare was?—hence no necessity nor opportunity for discovering what never existed!

Nathaniel Holmes surmises that Bacon had confided his authorship of the *Venus* and *Adonis* to a few friends who can keep a secret, and intimates, or rather insinuates, that Southampton will not object to the use of his name to the dedication, and Shakspeare will be ready to appear as the author of these poems. The chivalrous high-souled Southampton, and the great Shakspeare dissemblers! This maligning of the dead is monstrous, and makes one feel as indignant as Emilia was when Othello suspected the chastity of Desdemona.

Now for Jonson's eulogy, ending thus:—

Shine forth thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
 like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

I believe it to be the genuine welling-up of Jonson's overcharged heart; his spring of gratitude for Shakspeare's kindness and magnanimity in obtaining a first hearing of "Every Man in his Humour," and his painstaking in not only bringing the play before the public,

but acting a part in it, together with Burbage, Heminge, and Condell; otherwise the play would in all probability have been consigned to "*Limbo Patrum*," and had no "other audience but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers."* Shakspeare's plays at this time filled the theatre, while Jonson's would hardly pay expenses.

This magnanimity of Shakspeare's finds almost its expression in his Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2:—

"The less they deserve, the more merit in your bounty;"

which is a pearl of most noble and generous sentiment, worthy to be treasured in our minds—the divine lesson of Charity—no indwelling of Jonson's envious girds, but the rather overcoming unkindness with kindness. *Of such magnanimity dissembling is not begotten.*

What does Milton, that large-hearted Puri-

* Henry VIII., Act V. Sc. 3.

tan * and the writer of England's noblest Epic, say in that magnificent eulogy of his, appended to the folio 1632 :—

“What neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
 The labour of an Age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
 Under a star-y pointing Pyramid?
 Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
 What needst such dull witness of thy Name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyselfe a lasting Monument:
 For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke
 Those Delphicke Lines with deep Impression tooke;
 Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
 And, so Sepulcher'd, in such pompe dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.”

Could Milton have had any doubt what manner of man Shakspeare was? Would he not, writing within a few years of Shakspeare's death, have had a better knowledge of the

* The word is not used in the sense that the author of *Hudibras* employs—but in its pure significance—pure-minded man.

authorship than the "Baconian Theorists?" Milton, as a poet, scarcely rivalled by Homer and Virgil, a man of immense learning and erudition, a mathematician, a logician, a master of the Greek and Latin languages, a man with a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination and a piercing judgment, would, from his knowledge of the writings of both Shakspeare and Bacon, have discovered what our literary Goliath imagines he has so cleverly, namely:—such a similarity or similitude in thought, diction, style, manner and language between the Philosopher and the Poet, that Bacon must have been Shakspeare, but Milton evidently did not make the discovery. Again, could Milton have had any doubt that William Shakspeare, in his lifetime, an actor and playwright in company with Heminge and Condell at the Blackfriars theatre, and, at his death, buried in the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, was the author of the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," which afforded him so much delight that he should apply these words, or

rather epithets, to Shakspeare—"dear Sonne of Memory" — "honour'd bones" — "Hallow'd Reliques"—the word hallowed is rarely, if ever, applied by English scholars to other than holy and sanctified beings and places. Hallowed* only occurs five times in Milton's "Paradise Lost." †

Milton means what he says; and means it with his strength too, he is not a loose writer; "he," as Ruskin says, "generally puts the whole strength of his spirit into his sayings," and there is something very potent and significant in the last monosyllabic line of his eulogy, "*That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.*"

A well known American authoress ‡ has

* The word is rarely used in the Bible, once only in the New Testament. The Sabbath is hallowed, and things pertaining to the Temple, and the name of "Our Father who art in Heaven."

† Book III. 31; Book IV. 964; Book V. 321; Book VII. 592; Book XI. 106.

‡ Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

noticed the similitude between certain passages in "*Lycidas*" and "*Comus*" and the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*;" she says:—"In his earlier poems, Milton seems, like Shakspeare, to have let his mind run freely, as a brook warbles over many-coloured pebbles; whereas in his great poem he built after models. Had he known less Latin and Greek, the world, instead of seeing a well arranged imitation of the ancient epics from his pen, would have seen inaugurated a new order of Poetry." The Rev. Thomas Warton says there is good reason to suppose that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poetarum*, a book published by his nephew, Edward Philips, in 1675. It contains criticisms far above the taste of that period. Among these is the following judgment on Shakspeare, which was not then the general opinion:—"In tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragical height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his

learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain *wild* and *native* elegance."

This certainly smacks of Milton's

"— sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his *native* wood notes *wild*."

Such a parallel in Bacon to Shakspeare as *wild* and *native* elegance, to *native* woods notes *wild*, would be an argument with Nathaniel Holmes to assert Bacon's authorship of both.

Stevens asks:—What greater praise can any poet have received than that of the author of *Paradise Lost*? I may ask who could be a better judge as to the real authorship of the plays? Could Milton have been deceived?

Francis Meres, a contemporary of Shakspeare's, published in 1598 a work called "*Palladis Tamia*"—Wit's Treasury—in one division or chapter of which, is "A comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin and Italian Poets. In this discourse, the first criticism on Shakspeare that ever appeared in print, occurs the following:—

“ As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the
“ best for Comedy and Tragedy among the
“ Latines : so Shakespeare among the English
“ is the most excellent in both kinds for the
“ stage ; for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of*
“ *Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his
“ *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night*
“ *dream* ; & his *Merchant of Venice* : for
“ Tragedy his *Richard ii*, *Richard iii*, *Henry*
“ *iv*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his
“ *Romeo & Juliet*.

Richard Grant White, in his *Memoirs of Shakspeare*, says :—“ Meres was a Master of Arts in both Universities, and a theological writer, etc. His comparative discourse makes no pretence to analysis or esthetic judgment, but it may be accepted as a record of the estimation in which Shakespeare was held by intelligent and cultivated people when he was thirty-four years old, and before he had written his best plays ”.

In the discourse of Meres, comparisons are instituted between Horace and Sir Philip

Sidney, Shakspere, Spenser, Drayton and Warner; between the Greek and Latin Tragic poets and Shakspere, Jonson, Chapman, Drayton and Marlow;* between the Greeks famous for Elegie and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder, Sir Walter

* As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides*, and *Aristophanes*; and the Latine tongue by *Virgill, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ansonius*, and *Claudius*: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir *Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow*, and *Chapman*.

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speak with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin: so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

As *Pindarus, Anacreon*, and *Callimachus* among the Greekes; and *Horace* and *Catullus* among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets: so in this faculty the best among our Poets are *Spencer* (who excelleth in all kinds) *Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretton*.

Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Shakspere, Spenser and others ; but *not* Francis Bacon, M. P. Queen's Counsel extraordinary, age 38 years ; his name appears nowhere in Meres's Discourse.

Wherefore ? echo says *Wherefore ?*—Because, according to Nathaniel Holmes, he had no desire to be classed with such a Glorious Company of Poets, but the rather that his fame should rest upon his scientific and philosophical works, which, in my opinion it absolutely does, and upon nothing else—surely the threading the labyrinth of all philosophy and scaling with ladders the heights of the empyrean is glory enough for one mortal.

John Weever in a small bundle of EPIGRAMMES, in the 'oldest cut and newest fashion, published in 1599, has the following:—

Epig. 22. Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.

Honie-tong'd *Shakespeare*, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven born goddesse said to be their mother :
Rose-checkt *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her,

Chaste *Lucretia* virgine-like her dresses,
 Prowd lust-stung *Tarquine* seeking still to prove her :
Romea, Richard ; more, whose names I know not,
 Their sugred tongues, and power attractive beuty
 Say they are Saints, althogh that Sts they show not,
 For thousands vowes to them subjective dutie :
 They burn in love thy childrē *Shakespear* hēt thē
 Go, wo thy Muse more Nymphish brood beget them.

In a work entitled "the Excellencie of the English tongue, by R. C. of Anthony, Esquire to W. C.," written about 1595-6, and inserted by W. Camden after his Chapter on "Languages," in "Remaines concerning Britaine," p. 43 London by John Legatt, 1614 [40 C. 57. Art. Seld: *Press-mark*] (Not in the first edition 1605.)—reprinted by the New Shakspeare Society under the heading "*Shakspeare Allusion-Books*"—Richard Carew, the author, says:—"The long words that we borrow being intermingled with the short of our owne store, make up a perfect harmonie, by culling out from which mixture (with judgement) you may frame your speech according to the matter you must worke on, majestically, pleasant, delicate, or manly more or lesse, in what sort you please. Adde hereunto, that

whatsoever grace any other language carrieth in Verse or Prose, in Tropes or Metaphors, in Ecchoes and Agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours: will you have Platoes Veine? reade Sir *Thomas Smith*, —the *Ionicke*? Sir *Thomas Moore*. *Ciceroes*? *Ascham*, *Varro*? *Chaucer*, *Demosthenes*? Sir *John Cheeke* (who in his treatise to the Rebels, hath comprised all the figures of Rhetorick). Will you reade Virgill? take the Earle of Surrey. *Catullus* Shakesppeare, and Barlowes fragment, Ovid? Daniell, Lucan? Spencer, Martial? Sir John Davies and others.”*

* Richard Carew, who doubtless was a reader and a scholar has no comparison for Bacon—his name is not mentioned at this date 1595-6—although 36 years of age. He evidently had produced nothing worthy the encomiums of his contemporaries up to that time—He only received his degree of M. A.—and that honorary—on the 27th of July, 1594—his first instalment of the Essays were not published before 1598—The same year, according to Francis Meres, as before quoted, Shakspere had written 6 comedies and 6 tragedies.

In WILLOBIE HIS AVISA, or the true picture of a *modest Maid* and of a *chast and constant wife*, imprinted at London by John Windet, 1594, Shakspeare's Lucrece is thus alluded to :

*Though Collatine have deerely bought ;
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine have sought,
To have a Faire, and Constant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare, paints poore Lucrece rape.*

In *Polimanteia*, or, *The means lawfull and unlawfull to judge of the fall of a common wealth*, against the frivolous and foolish conjectures of this age; Whereunto is added, *A Letter from England to her three daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Innes of Court*, and to all the rest of her inhabitants: perswading them to a constant unitie of what religion soever they are, *for the defence of our dread Sovereigne, and native country*: most requisite for this time wherein wee now live, [1595], we find in a

marginal note :—" All praise worthy Lucrecia. Sweet Shakspeare !*

Why quote these things? Surely, say the " Baconian Theorists," the contemporaries of Shakspeare could not be as good judges as we are; they have all been deceived; under the light of our judicious criticisms, the cloud of their ignorance will now be dispelled. We want no collateral evidence. We rely on parallelisms—If Bacon is the author of *Novum Organum, The Essays &c. &c.*, he must be the author of Shakspeare's plays, they are the same in subject, idea, and language; all other evidence is superfluous.

† Touchstone says :—" I knew when seven " Justices could not take up a quarrel; but when " the parties were met themselves, one of them " thought but of an I F, as *If you said so,*

* See Shakspeare Allusion-Books, edited by C. M. Ingleby, M.A., L.L.D., &c., published by the New Shakspeare Society, 1874.

† As You Like It. Act V., Sc. 4.

" *then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and
 " swore brothers. Your *If* is your only peace
 " maker ; much virtue in *If*."

Much virtue in that oily monosyllable *If* !
 Truly, my " motley fool," much virtue. The
 " Baconian Theorists " are full of hypothetical
 and " glibbery " propositions.

If Shakspeare's dedication of the first heir
 of his invention, " Venus and Adonis " is a
 deceit, or, in another word, a *lie*, and my Lord
 Southampton accepted the dedication, rewarded
 the filcher, called him "*my especial friend*"
 and dubb'd him "*writer of some of our best*
English plays," without knowing any of
 Shakspeare's antecedents [which is very improb-
 able, unless the *copia vera* is a *lie*], where shall
 we seek for truth ?

If Shakspeare is a *fraud*, and my Lord
 Southampton an egregious dupe, there need be
 no further question in the matter, as learned
 critics have never doubted that the sonnets,
 poems, and plays were the work of one and the
 same author.

Were Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and Milton *liars*? were my Lords Pembroke and Southampton egregiously duped? If so, then it matters not to us who wrote the plays; all our faith in manhood will be gone, chaos will have come again—and we shall ask ourselves where shall we find a man with sufficient light in himself to say *Fiat Lux*, and out of chaos make a Shakspeare? or to endow any piece of mortality with such power of vision and faculty of thought as Shakspeare? Will a whole Bench of Philosophical Jurists such as Bacon make up such a compound as Shakspeare? Are all our great traditions, and glorious memories, and monuments of antiquity, and hallowed spots to be swept away by an, If? Are we to be cheated of our heritage and birthright by a mere hypothesis or sophism? No!—Nothing short of absolute proof, something more relative we must have than Othello's handkerchief, venerated as the dying gift of his mother, endowed with supernatural virtues, embroidered with rare silk, spun from hallowed worms, given to

Desdemona, and found wiping the beard of Michael Cassio; ere we can doubt Shakspeare's authorship! Let the "Theorists" produce in Bacon's hand writing any of the sonnets or poems attributed to Shakspeare, or the hand writing of Southampton acknowledging his guilty participation in the false dedication of the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece"; then, however much we may regret the discovery, we shall consent to the dethronement of Shakspeare.

My Lord Southampton, by accepting the dedication, and rewarding the dedicator, has conclusively, to my mind, established the authorship of "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," unless he was guilty of *simulation*, a crime inconsistent with his career, and his highly chivalrous and daring spirit.

Bolingbroke says:—" *Simulation* and *dis-simulation*, for instance, are the chief arts of cunning: the first will be esteemed always by a wise man unworthy of him, in every possible case. According to South, simulation is the pretending that to be which is not.

It is said that Bacon was much in the habit of writing sonnets ; some of them were addressed to the Queen, some were written for Essex, to be addressed to her in his name ; and one, at least, was commended by great persons.

Bacon writes in the apology concerning Essex :—“ A little before Michaelmas term, (1599) her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twickenham, at which time I had, though *I profess not to be a poet*, prepared a sonnet, directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconcilment to my Lord ; which I remember, also, I shewed to a great person and one of my Lord's nearest friends (Southampton ?) who commended it.”

This certainly smacks of *simulation*—Essex getting credit for a sonnet written by Bacon, and Bacon professing not to be a poet, when at the same time the Poems had been dedicated. The Comedies and Tragedies, mentioned by Francis Meres, had also been either published or acted ; these are enough to establish a lasting reputation for any poet.

The world has not been favoured with Bacon's mellifluous sonnets addressed to the Queen, nor his Masques rivalling "Comus," nor his monodies on Essex and Raleigh rivalling "Lycidas," of which it has been said, "on such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense; and one would almost wish to have died for the sake of having been so lamented." Much stress is laid upon these sonnets and Bacon's Essay on Masques &c., in order to prove his authorship of Shakspeare's plays. In this Essay Bacon is either *simular*, or in earnest, for he deems an apology necessary for treating of matters of this kind in the midst of graver treatises, probably he may have thought them frivolous, as he accounts them but toys to come among such serious observations, although his taste seems to have lain in a display of wealth and magnificence, which he could ill afford. There is no doubt that he was fond of "triumphs, and quaint masques, fantastic pageantry dimming the sober eye of truth, and dazzling the sage himself."

He probably had a taste for the fine arts, and for pictures, which *he* so beautifully describes in one of *his* comedies, "Taming of the Shrew," such as

"Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds."

and for

"Hangings all of Tyrian tapestry,
Costly apparel, tentes and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle work."

Socrates, the ancient philosopher, thought it did not become a philosopher to value the possession of magnificent garments, and sandals, and other ornaments of the body, except as far as necessity compels him to use them; but the modern philosopher, "when the Mastership of the Wards had become vacant by the death of Sir George Carey, Nov. 13th, 1612, expecting the place, had put most of his men into new cloaks: afterwards, when Sir Walter Cope

carried the place, one said merrily that "Sir Walter was Master of the Wards, and Sir Francis Bacon of *the Liveries*." Again, when Bacon was appointed Lord Keeper, he "goes with great state, having a world of followers put upon him, though he had more than enough before, he rode in great pomp to Westminster with a train of two hundred gallants, and delivered his inaugural speech in Chancery." Carleton gives us a glimpse of this great philosopher in regard to his love for show: writing to Chamberlain, he says:—"on the 11th of May, 1606, Sir Francis Bacon was married to his young wench (Alice Barnham) in Maribone Chapel. He was clad from top to toe in purple, and hath made himself and his wife such store of fine raiment of cloth of silver and gold that it draws deep into her portion."

Nevertheless, the Philosopher (or Shakspeare), wrote in *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. 3. :—

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So Honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the Jay more beautiful than the Lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?"

and in Hamlet, Act I., 3:—

"Costly thy habit *as thy purse can buy*
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich not gaudy
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

What follows the philosopher's extravagancies?—arrest for debt, borrowing largely from his particular friends, in order to ape such men as Raleigh, Leicester, Derby, and Burghleigh ; while the true philosopher, whom we believe to be the author of Hamlet, makes a competency and retires to Stratford-on-Avon, having—like the good old faithful Adam, which he used to enact in his own beautiful comedy of "*As you Like It*,"—saved "a store to be a foster nurse, when his old limbs should lie lame;" and to comfort his aged father, and his mother who had probably read to him in his younger days out of the "Big Bible," in the History of Joseph, how he provided for Jacob when there was a famine in the land.

In 1587-8 the gentlemen of "Gray's Inn" of which Bacon, at that time, was Reader, presented before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, the tragedy of "*The Misfortunes of Arthur*," of the body of which Thomas Hughes was the author, Nicholas Trotte writing the Induction, William Fulbecke and Francis Flower writing the choruses, while my Lord Verulam, then Francis Bacon, M. P. was only thought fit to assist in the preparation of the dumb-shows.

As this is a matter of import in my argument that Bacon was not the author of Shakspeare's plays—external evidence being the test that I chiefly rely on—the following quotation is given from Collier's "History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakspeare and Annals of the Stage to the Reformation."*

"The gentlemen of "Grays Inn" acted at "Greenwich a tragedy, which ought not to be "passed over without particular notice. The "main body of the piece was written by a

* Vol. iii. p. 39.

"*Student* of "Gray's Inn," named Thomas "Hughes,* and it is called "The Misfortunes of Arthur:" it is on all accounts a remarkable production; and so well did Lord Bacon think of it, that he condescended to *assist* in the invention and preparation of the dumb shows by which the performance was varied and illustrated. His coadjutors in this duty were Christopher Yelverton, who more than twenty years before had furnished an epilogue to Gascoyne's "Jocasta," and a person named John Lancaster. An introduction was contributed by Nicholas Trotte, also of Grays Inn, and William Fulbecke and Francis Flower prepared additional speeches and choruses."

About the time of the Tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur," Bacon, who was then

* Collier says, "Hughes was a man of considerable talent: his language is often vigorous, his thoughts striking and natural, and his blank verse more rich, varied and harmonious than that of any dramatic writer who preceded him as an author of plays not designed for popular exhibition."

Reader of "Gray's Inn," wrote to Lord Burghleigh on the subject of a Masque which was to have been undertaken by the "Four Inns of Court."

"Yt may please your good Lordshippe I am sory the joynt maske from the Four Innes of Court faileth: whearin I conceyve thear is no other ground of the event, but impossibility. Neverthelesse, bycause it falleth owt, that at this tyme Graies Inne is well furnyshed of galant yowng gentlemen, your Lordshippe may be pleased to know, that rather than this occasion shall passe withowt some demonstration of affection from the Innes of Court, thear are a dozen gentlemen of Graies Inne, that owt of the honor which they bear to your Lordshippe and my Lord Chamberlayne, to whome at theyr last maske they were so much bownden, will be ready to furnish a maske, wyshing it were in theyr power to performe it according to theyr myndes. And so for the present I humbly take my leave, resting &c. &c.

FRA. BACON.

Collier does not give either the name of the masque, or the author, but it may be presumed that it was not Bacon, for on the 19th of March, 1603, there was a "Panegyre" on the happy entrance of King James, our Sovereigne, to his first High Session of Parliament, which was written by Ben Jonson; and there was also another masque written by him, which formed part of the "King's entertainente of the Queene and Prince, their Highnesse at Althorpe at the Rt. Honourable the Lord Spencers, on Saturday, the 26th of June, 1603, as they came first into the Kingdom."

At another masque, with nuptial songs, also written by Ben Jonson, and exhibited at the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at Court, 1608, my Lords Pembroke and Montgomery were actors therein, and the devices and trophies were prepared by the celebrated architect Inigo Jones.

Is it possible that Bacon wrote this panegyre and these masques, and bribed Ben Jonson to appear as the author of them?

Between 1603 and 1608, and during those years, Bacon was engaged upon his principal philosophical and other important writings on matters of Church and State, among which was the "Advancement of Learning"—Man delighted him not, no nor woman either, that he should trouble himself about writing masques and panegyres, sonnets, and comedies; if ever he did?

Now, considering how highly James and his Court relished the Dramas of Shakspeare, as may be judged from the following entries in the accounts of the Revels:—

"Hallamas day being the first of November 1604, a play in the Banketinge House att Whithall called the Moor of Venis."

"The Sunday following a play of the Merry Wives of Winsor."

"On St. Stiven's Night, 1604, in the Hall a play called Mesur for Mesur."

"On Inosents Night, 1604, the plaie of Errors,"

and further, considering also that Bacon had

received from King James the offices of King's Counsel, and Solicitor General, and had been Knighted, three happy prologues to the great hereafter, when he should become the Lord keeper, and Lord Chancellor, with a Peerage; it is strange that he takes no part in the Court Masques between 1603 and 1608!

Where was this "Fancy's child?" Where were his "warbling sonnets, like native wood notes wild"? Where

"—— his cunning brain

Improved by favour of nine-fold train?"

Where was this modern Horace with his Coronation ode?

When James came to the throne, Bacon was in his 44th year, by that time, his poetic genius, his strong imagination, his profundity of thought, his eloquent language, his immense power of mind and utterance, his richness of imagery, his energy of diction, his inimitable conception had been developed. Bacon the Poet, with his

"—— eye in a fine frenzy rolling,

Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

With an imagination bodying forth
The form of things unknown,"

not writing a sonnet, nor heroical verses, nor an ode upon the accession of a King in whom, to use his own words, he saw "hopes of at least realizing his magnificent dreams of the regeneration of learning and the extension of the Kingdom of man." There is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could but find it out, if he was, indeed, the author of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest."

Again, how chances it that he did not write the masque, or prepare some dramatic entertainment for the marriage of the young Earl of Essex on Twelfth Night, 1605? Why this indifference to the son of his old and very tried friend Robert Devereux, the unfortunate, self-willed, rash, impetuous Essex, who oftentimes urged Bacon's claims upon Queen Elizabeth? Even this was entrusted to Ben Jonson; and yet another, a sort of pageant, exhibited at Theobalds before the Kings of England and Denmark on the 24th of July, 1606—We hear

nothing more of Bacon either as stage manager, or property man, until the masque, written by Francis Beaumont and Jonson, given in honour of the marriage of the Princess on the 20th of February, 1612-13, by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple, when he, according to Wm. Aldis Wright, but Collier does not say so, was the *contriver of the Device*, which represented the marriage of the Thames and the Rhine.

At Shrovetide, the day of the wedding, Sunday the 14th, there was a masque at the expense of the Court, written by Dr. Campion. Another was given by the gentlemen of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn on the 15th, upon which occasion George Chapman's memorable masque was selected.

In the next year (Dec. 9th, 1613) Bacon having been made Attorney General in the preceding October, prepared at his own cost and charges a masque for the delectation of King James. The expenses attending it amounted to 2,000 pounds sterling (equal to about 40,000 dollars) an enormous and extravagant amount

for the dumb-show. Bacon declined to accept a contribution towards it of 500 pounds from Gray's Inn, and Mr. Yelverton. This lavish expenditure has in it a kind of *obsequiousness*, a sort of pandering to the weakness and vanity of the King.

The year after, on Twelfth night, the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, under the patronage of Sir Francis Bacon, and upon the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Somerset, exhibited a "Masque of Flowers" which was *printed* and *dedicated* by the authors to the Very Honourable Sir Francis Bacon, His Majesty's Attorney General.

The Attorney General does not figure as an author in any of the masques of this period, although Spedding believes that fragments of a masque, in a bundle of the Lambeth MSS. in which were found the speeches for the Essex Masque, bear the impress of Bacon's mind, although they are without date, title, heading, but simply are in the hand writing of that age. Here again is all conjecture! But a Latin quo-

tation appears in the fragment, and the "Essex Masque," that which the poet saith was never granted "*Amare et Sapere*;" which also is quoted in Bacon's Essay of Love:—" *Amare et Sapere vix Deo conceditur*," and because the ancient adage is introduced into the "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. 2, in these lines:—

"But you are wise,

Or else you love not ; for to be wise and love

Exceed man's might ; that dwells with gods above,"

Ergo—Bacon is the author of "Troilus and Cressida"—prodigious!—It has not yet been shown that he was the author of a Masque, much less a Tragedy!

Nathaniel Holmes says it is *historically known* that Bacon wrote sonnets to Elizabeth, and Masques and Devices to be enacted before her, and that both she and James knew that he was the author of *many plays* enacted before them, and that he took a leading part in the actual composition of the magnificent dramatic entertainments got up for the Royal amusement; but Nathaniel Holmes gives no author-

ity for the statement. It is strange that Collier, in his exhaustive volumes, *The Annals of the Stage*, the completest epitome of the kind, has not the slightest reference to Bacon, in any masque or play, or interlude, save "the Misfortunes of Arthur" in which he *assisted to get up* the "*inexplicable dumb-shows!*" neither does Nathaniel Holmes give the name of one of Bacon's masques written by himself, nor the time nor place of their exhibitions, nor who were the spectators; yet, he would have the world to believe that there were private reasons why Bacon's authorship should not be divulged, but he does not give Bacon's reasons, nor any others satisfactory to my mind. I am yet at a loss to conceive the reason why Bacon should withhold his authorship, *if* Elizabeth and James and their courtiers *knew* him to be a writer of sonnets, masques, plays, &c. Again, he knowing the delight the Queen and King took in these matters, I should have thought his obsequiousness, if not his desire for posthumous fame, which some more hunt for than the

grace of God, would have made him reveal his authorship, in order to have said of him

“Be sure (*our Bacon*) thou cans't never die
But, crown'd with laurel live eternally ;”

and to have taken to himself the encomiums of Francis Meres that his productions ranked with those of Seneca and Plautus.

Bacon's own words, in his apology in the matter of the estrangement of Essex, are:—
“I ever set this down, that the only course to be held with the Queen, was by *obsequiousness*, and *observance*.” In the first book of the Advancement of Learning, he says:—“in regard of the love and reverence towards learning, which the example and countenance of two so learned princes, Queen Elizabeth and your Majesty, being as Castor and Pollux, *lucida sidera*, stars of excellent light and most benign influence, hath wrought in all men of place and authority.”

Let any one read the dedication of Bacon to King James of his Advancement of Learning, and he must be struck with it's sycophan-

tish and fulsome adulation—a few lines will do:—"I have been touched, yea, and possessed with an extreme wonder at those your virtues and faculties, which the Philosophers call intellectual; the largeness of your capacity, the faithfulness of your memory, the swiftness of your apprehension, the penetration of your judgment, and the *facility and order of your elocution.* * * * * * I am well assured that this which I shall say is no amplification at all, but a positive and measured truth; which is, that there hath *not been since Christ's time any King or temporal monarch, which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human.*" Such a dedication as this may account, to a certain extent, for Charles Kingsley's sweeping assertion against James:—"If to have found England one of the greatest countries in Europe, and to have left it one of the most inconsiderable and despicable; if to be fooled by flatterers to the top of his bent, until he fancied himself all but a god, while he was not even 'a

man, and could neither speak the truth, keep himself sober, nor look on a drawn sword without shrinking."

Macaulay says of him:—

"His cowardice, his childishness, his pedantry, his ungainly person and manner, *his provincial accent, made him an object of derision.*"

David Hume says of him:—

"*His learning bordered on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness.*"

This will be sufficient to establish Bacon's obsequiousness, without using his own words in his apology:—

"I ever set this down, that the only course to be held with the Queen was by *obsequiousness* and *observance.*"

Mark the contrast between the play actor and young poet's manly dedications * of the

* See any good edition of the Poems and of Bacon.

“Venus & Adonis” and “Lucrece” to the Earl of Southampton, and Bacon’s dedication of the “Advancement of Learning” to King James; it is as apparent as the difference between the absolute poetry of Bacon, and the poetry of Shakspeare, which will presently be shown.

Bacon’s desire for posthumous fame is best expressed in his own words :—

“I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him.”

In a letter to Mr. Toby Matthew in 1623, (the year of Heminge & Condell’s Folio edition of Shakspeare), he writes :—

“It is true my labours are now most set to have those works which I have formerly published, as that of “Advancement of Learning,” that of Henry VII., that of the Essays, being retractate and made more perfect, *well translated into Latin* by the help of some good

pens which forsake me not. For these modern languages will, at one time or other, play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, *I would be glad to recover it with posterity.*

In his dedication of the 1625 edition he says:—"I do now publish my Essays, which of all my other works have been most current. For that as it seems, they come to men's business and bosoms. I have enlarged them both in number and weight; so that indeed they are a new work. I thought it therefore agreeable to my affection and obligation to your Grace, to prefix your name before them, both in English and Latin. For I do conceive that the Latin volume of them (*being in the universal language*)* may last as long as books last."

* The desire for fame is so strong, that he must have his writings put in a language known to all scholars, irrespective of their nationality.

Would the writing of Shakspeare's plays have been time lost with this age? Would they be considered as "but toys to come" amongst his essays?

Would that the author of the plays called Shakspeare's, and which, despite the "Theorists," will, unless they can get better evidence to the contrary, ever be considered his, had during his lifetime made a collection of his works and rescued those that were published in 1623, from the depravations that obscure them; thereby securing for them a better destiny by giving them to the world in their genuine state. Would he had been as jealous of his literary reputation as the author of the "Essays" there would have been an end, or rather no beginning of the jargon that has been written about them; for as Samuel Taylor Coleridge felicitously remarks:—"If all that has been written upon Shakspeare by Englishmen" (*and now latterly by some Americans*)* "were burned in the want of candles, merely to enable us to read one-half of what our Dramatist produced, we should be gainers. Providence has given England the greatest man that

* The parenthesis is mine.

ever put on and off Mortality, and has thrown a sop to the envy of other nations, by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics."

True, Coleridge,—True,—but alas! Shakspeare had no desire for fame—"that glorious immortality of true greatness

"That lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove."

I cannot see why Bacon, if he was a poet could have objected to be found in company with Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, who have been reputed "the two chief lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesie;" or with Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; or Fulke Greville, Lord Brook; or Sir Walter Raleigh; or Sir Philip Sidney; or Sir Henry Wotton; or Sir John Harrington; and other noble and titled poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though he may have objected to be found in the company of *the rank and file*

composed of Chapman, Shakspere, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger and Marlowe.*

The reason for concealment most obvious to my mind is that Bacon was not a Poet. If he were, how is it that he, being *notoriously given to write sonnets* to his "mistress Elizabeth's eye-brow," should have left no record of them. If he had written sonnets to the Virgin Queen, where are they?

Nathaniel Holmes says:—"It was probably not an uncommon thing for manuscript sonnets to be circulating among great persons at this time. Indeed, *we positively know that Bacon's sonnets did pass from hand to hand in that manner.*" If so, as the statement is very authoritative, how chances it that none were saved? Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter

* Was it done out of deference to his bitterest enemy Lord Coke? whose deliberate opinion was that play-writers, and stage-players were as fit subjects for the grand jury as vagrants, and "that the fatal end of these five is beggary—the Alchemist, the Informer, the Concealer, the Monopotext, and the Poetaster."

Raleigh wrote sonnets—some of these have been saved.

In Ellis's volumes of the Early English Poets, to which is prefixed an historical sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Language, there is not a vestige of the Poetry of Francis Bacon—not a single couplet or line, although Ellis gives specimens of upwards of fifty writers of poetry who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, among them, strange to say, Wm. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, one of the "singular good Lordes" to whom the 1623 Folio was dedicated, and also Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, for whom Bacon claims to have written sonnets and addressed them in the Earl's name to Queen Elizabeth. Where are these sonnets written by Bacon for Essex?

The omission of Bacon's name in the volumes of Ellis cannot arise from oversight on the part of that careful compiler. Was it from Ellis's ignorance of Bacon's poetry? or, was it from his want of sagacity and perception

in not discovering Bacon's wonderful poetic genius?

Again, it is strange that Warton, in his valuable and interesting History of English Poetry from the 11th to the 17th century, is equally reticent; Francis Bacon is not even mentioned by name. More puzzling, many of Bacon's writings have been saved and published, but not, as far as I can learn, one line of his blank verse. No "sugared sonnets," nor "honed poems," have ever been discovered in Bacon's hand writing, though his correspondence was immense. His published letters make up two octavo volumes. He corresponded largely with eminent scholars on questions of erudition and philosophy, as well as with personal friends in exchanging the greetings and courtesies of private life. His letters are very valuable both as illustrating the inner working of his own mind, and as affording important information concerning those great political and social questions on which he was consulted by all parties in the nation. He left a collection of

apothegms, containing facetious anecdotes, some piquant and sprightly in the highest degree. Therefore, it is strange that there has not been found any poetry like that of Shakspeare's, interspersed with his correspondence. Could he not say of some friend, when writing to another friend :—

“ He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.”

or,

“ O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip ! ”

or,

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world ‘ This was a man ! ’ ”

or,

“ Patience and sorrow strove,
Who should express her goodliest.”

or,

“ Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety”

or,

“ He wither'd the rose
Of youth upon him.”

or,

“ Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.”

or,

“ A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.”

or,

“ A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.”

or,

“ He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his argument.”

or,

“ In his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.”

Poets were not mean creatures; the Apostle Paul quotes them, in these memorable lines,
“ For in Him (GOD) we live, move and have our being, as certain of your poets have said.”

Bacon could not have objected to being

considered a poet, judging from his own opinions upon the value of Poetry!

* " Because the acts and events of true
" history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, *poesy* feigneth acts and
" events greater and more heroical. Because
" true history propoundeth the successes and
" issues of actions not so agreeable to the
" merits of virtue and vice, therefore *poesy*
" feigns them more just in retribution and more
" according to revealed providence. Because
" true history representeth actions and events
" more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore
" *poesy* endueth them with more rareness and
" alternative variations. *So as it appeareth that*
" *poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity,*
" *morality, and to delectation.* And therefore it
" was ever thought to *have some participation*
" *of divineness*, because it doth raise and erect
" the mind, by submitting the shows of things
" to the desires of the mind; whereas reason

* Advancement of Learning, B. ii.

“doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.” *

* To what in Poetry belongeth this “participation of divineness?”—Is it not its Creative power, such as is found in Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton?

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that *diviner inspiration* giv'n
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page
The pomp and prodigality of Heav'n.

GRAY.

John Sterling must have thought that the plays of Shakspeare had a touch of this “diviner inspiration” when he says, that “if in the wreck of Britain, and all she has produced, one creation of her spirit could be saved by an interposing Genius, to be the endowment of a new world, it would be the volume that contains them.”

Carlyle says “there are passages in Shakspeare that come unto you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing.”

The “diviner inspiration” is not manifested in Bacon's paraphrastic version of the seven Psalms dedicated to “his very good friend,” Mr. George Herbert.

The desertion of Bacon's defence to the charge of bribery and corruption against him while holding the office of Lord Chancellor, and his avoidance of trial are mysteries not yet solved; and the reasons for his not wishing to be thought a Poet, such as Shakspeare, are also mysterious and incapable of solution; that is upon the assumption that he was a Poet, and expressed the wish not to be so considered.

Let us now test his qualifications, or give a "taste of his quality" as a Poet. Nathaniel Holmes says:—"Bacon's versions of the Psalms were the amusement of his idle hours, and that certainly nothing very great or brilliant should be looked for in these mere translations into verse. In idea and sentiment he was absolutely limited to the original Psalm; nor could he have much latitude of expression; besides large allowance must be made for the necessary difference between the young and strong imagination of

'The Lunatic, The Lover and The Poet'
of the Midsummer Night's Dream, of the man

of thirty-three, and the more compounded age and the lassitude of the sick old man of sixty-five." Nevertheless, Nathaniel Holmes, who wishes to be consistent in his "theory," says a few pages preceding:—"Towards the close of Bacon's life, he is now working in good earnest for the next ages, first revising, finishing and republishing his former works, and then devoting the remainder of life to his greater philosophical labours."—Not bad work for his "more compounded age."

Let us turn to the CIVth Psalm, full of majesty addressed to *JEHOVAH* as Creator of the World, a psalm of which Humboldt said:—"it presents a picture of the entire Cosmos, and we are astonished to see within the compass of a Poem of such small dimensions, the Universe, the Heavens, and the Earth drawn with a few grand strokes."

Take for instance Verses 3, 4 and 5:—

"Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: Who maketh the clouds his chariot: Who walketh upon the wings of the

wind: Who maketh his angels spirits; and his ministers a flaming fire. Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.”

Poor Bacon limited to such expressions as these!*

Let us see what Shakspeare has produced in the way of analogy or similitude; open your *Romeo and Juliet* at Act II., Sc. 1., and you will find this glorious passage:—

“Thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of Heaven

* His translation or paraphrastic version is limited in expression:—

“Vaulted and archèd are his chamber beams
Upon the seas, the waters and the streams;
The clouds as chariots swift to scour the sky;
The stormy winds upon their wings do fly.
His Angels spirits are, that wait his will
As flames of fire his anger they fulfil.
In the beginning, with a mighty hand
He made the Earth by counterpoise to stand,
Never to move, but to be fixed still;
Yet hath no pillars but his sacred will.”

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

In the 25th and 26th verses of the same Psalm, the Psalmist casts glances upon the ships, the Ocean, and "the Leviathan made to play therein," and Bacon gives us this line, the only one Nathaniel Holmes quotes:—

"The greater navies look like walking woods."

How a true Poet, not a verse maker, could venture to put into rhyme such a sublime Psalm as the CIVth, and other magnificent lyrical raptures with which the Book of Psalms continually teems, I am at a loss to conceive; he may as well attempt to put the gorgeous natural descriptions of Job, or the prophecies of that "mighty orb of song," the Divine Isaiah, into rhyme. It has been wisely said:—"Every attempt to clothe the sacred scripture in verse, (rhyme)? will have the effect of misrepresenting and debasing the original."

My Lord Bacon has most certainly grossly

misrepresented the dignity of the original, judging from his versification of the XCth Psalm—made by the Church of England a part of “The Order for the Burial of the Dead,” doubtless from its containing such a most affecting description of man’s mortal and transitory state.

Our English translation of the verses paraphrased by Bacon is as follows :—

“ LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in
“ all generations. Before the mountains were
“ brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the
“ earth and the world, even from everlasting to
“ everlasting, Thou art GOD. Thou turnest man
“ to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children
“ of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are
“ but as yesterday when it is past, and, as a watch
“ in the night. Thou carriest them away as with
“ a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning
“ they are like grass which groweth up. In the
“ morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the
“ evening it is cut down and withereth. For all
“ our days are passed away in thy wrath : We
“ spend our years as a tale that is told.”

Now for Bacon's metrical version :

"O Lord thou art our home, to whom we fly,
And so hast always been from age to age :
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,
One God thou wert, and art, and still shalt be ;
Both Death and Life obey Thy holy lore,
And visit in their turns, as they are sent ;
A thousand years with Thee they are no more
Than yesterday, which, ere it is, is spent :
Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes, and comes, unawares to them that sleep."

This specimen is selected by Nathaniel Holmes for its elegance, its rhythmic flow, its pathetic sweetness, and its similitude to Shakspeare in the expression and use of words, and he instances the following lines of Bacon's paraphrase

"As a tale told, which sometime men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end."*

as a parallel to the following from Shakspeare :—

"Life is as tedious as a twice told tale

* In the New England Primer we find such poetry,

"Our days begin with trouble here,

Our life is but a span,

And cruel death is always near,

So frail a thing is man."

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

King John Act iii. 4

and

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

Macbeth Act V. 5

The original version in our Prayer Book is as follows :—

"For when Thou art angry, all our days are gone : we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."

There is nothing great or brilliant about this translation of the XCth Psalm. How unlike is the reflection of the Psalmist's poetic fire upon Bacon, compared with the effect it produced upon Milton, in the hymn which he ascribes to our first parents ; or upon Thomson, in the hymn with which he closes the "Seasons;" or upon Coleridge, in the great Psalm which swelled from his harp, as he struck it to the music of the Arveiron, and in the light of the morning-star ; or upon St. John of Damascus, in the celebrated hymn sung after mid-

night on Easter morning, during the symbolic ceremony of lighting the tapers ; one verse of which, I cannot refrain from quoting as a contrast to Bacon's XCth.

Now let the heavens be joyful ; let earth her song begin ;
Let the round world keep triumph, and all that is therein ;
Invisible or visible, their notes let all things blend ;
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end !

Nathaniel Holmes can be ingenuous as well as ingenious. He alludes to Bacon's *metrical version of the Psalms*, giving the world to understand that the Philosopher had compiled in metre the Book of Psalms, whereas he only wrote a paraphrastic version of *seven* of the Psalms of David.

Here are four of Bacon's line's from his translation of the CIVth Psalm :—

“ Father and King of Pow'rs, both high and low,
Whose sounding fame all creatures serve to blow ;
My soul shall with the rest strike up Thy praise
And carol of Thy works and wondrous ways ;”

these refer to the first Verse, which is here given from the original :—

“ Bless the Lord, O my Soul. O Lord my God,

thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."

Bacon, here, with his "*Line upon Line*" is far behind his contemporaries, and he does not shine forth as brightly as in his prose, which is, at times, full of poetic beauty; his rhyme in this instance has taken away all the Psalmist's ecstasy, much in the same way that Pope takes all the sublimity out of Homer.

Is such poetry as this, "making up for the lost time with this age," which Bacon deplures, and which he "would be glad, as God shall give him leave, to recover it with posterity."?— Could Bacon, with all his vanity and love of fame, write such an Epilogue after his poetry as Horace did after completing a considerable collection of lyrical pieces?

" Exegi monumentum cære perennis
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;" &c.

thus translated by Lord Lytton :—

" I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
Soaring more high than regal pyramids,
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain drop

Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy ;
Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered
Series of ages and the flight of time.
I shall not wholly die."

How different is the master-hand of Shakspeare when he alludes to some Scriptural text, or rather, reproduces some leading truths of Scripture; he does not *paraphrase* after Bacon's fashion, neither does he *metaphrase*. Whether the religious sentiments scattered throughout his plays are his own personal sentiments, or merely such as he, in his dramatic art would cause his personages to utter, is foreign to my present inquiry. Suffice it to say his parallels with the Scriptures are not mere *Truisms*, *Platonisms*, *Euphonisms*.—There is little of the letter in them, but there is great abundance of the spirit; a few instances will be enough : *

* The allusions to Scripture in the Essays of Bacon are many; they were necessary in some instances to support and confirm his own profound conclusions, but in the works of Bacon the expressions of religious sentiment do not seem to belong so much to the author as they do, in Shakspeare, who sometimes "delays

My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore ;
and my kinsmen stand afar off

Psalm XXXVIII. 2.

—————Those you make your friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

the action of the drama to give a more full and emphatic expression to a religious idea."

In connection with this, we may call attention to a circumstance mentioned in William Aldis Wright's Preface to *The Advancement of Learning* :—

"In February, 1591-2 (Bacon then being 31 years of age) his brother Anthony came to live in Gray's Inn, and from the motherly solicitude of Lady Bacon for her eldest son's religious welfare, we learn that Francis was negligent in the use of family prayers, and was not to be held up as a pattern to his brother, or *resorted to for counsel in such matters.*"

Shakspere, in his 32nd year, had written *The Merchant of Venice*, of which Schlegel, in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, says "it is one of Shakspere's most perfect works." In it is that beautiful apostrophe of Portia's on the quality of Mercy, unparalleled by any author ancient or modern.

Bacon's *Essays*, written when the author was 45 years old, treat of Great Place, of Boldness, of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature, of Nobility, of Atheism, of Superstition, of Travel, of Empire, of Counsel, &c., but *not* of Mercy.

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 1.

If thou, Lord shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord who
shall stand ?

Psalm CXXX. 3

Use every man according to his desert, and who shall
'scape a whipping ?

Hamlet Act II. 2

My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength
of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Psalm LXXIII. 26

Now God be praised : that to believing souls
Gives light to darkness, comfort in despair.

2 King Henry VI. Act II. 1

They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

Psalm LXII 4

Some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear
Millions of mischief.

Julius Cæsar Act IV. 1

My tables—meet it is, I set it down
That one may smile and smile, and be a villain.

Hamlet Act I. 5

Say not thou, I will recompense evil ; but wait on the
Lord, and He shall save thee.

Proverbs XX. 22

God will be avengèd for the deed ;
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm,
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those who have offended Him.

Richard III. Act I. 4

Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven,
Who, when He sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Richard II. Act I. 2

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear
me.

Psalm LXVI. 18

The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted springs, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

Troilus & Cressida Act V. 3

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

Hamlet Act III. 3

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that is
need ~~rich~~ turn not away.

St. Matthew V. 42

To build his fortune, I will strain a little
For 'tis bond in men.

Timon of Athens Act I. 1

We are born to do benefits.

Timon of Athens Act I. 2

What is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Twelfth Night Act I. 5

He accepteth not the persons of Princes, nor regardeth
the rich more than the poor, for they are all the work of
his hands.

Job XXXIV. 19

The King is but a man as I am; the violet smells to
him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth
to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his
ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a
man.

Henry V. Act IV. 1

The self same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike.

Winter's Tale Act IV. 3.

Who provideth for the Raven his food?

Job XXXVIII. 41

He that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow
Be comfort to my age.

As You Like It Act II. 3

The night cometh when no man can work

St. John XI. 4

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

Alls Well that Ends Well Act V. 5

The old Serpent called the Devil and Satan, which de-
ceiveth the whole world.

Rev. XII. 9

Devils soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

Loves Labor Lost Act IV. 1

Often times to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths and
Win us to honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Macbeth Act I. 3

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They to suggest at first with heavenly shows.

Timon of Athens Act II. 3

How exquisitely Shakspeare has wrought Job's "morning stars singing together" into the following unmatched lines, except in the inspired writings of the old Testament, giving in them additional force and beauty to that ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies, in their revolutions, sing together in a concert so loud, various and sweet as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. Also, to the old idea, of some of the Philosophers, which supposed that besides the music of the spheres which no mortal ear ever heard, there was a harmony in the human soul.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubin :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Merchant of Venice Act. V. 1.

The poet who wrote this angelic rapture in the thirty fourth year of his age, could not, in

the "sixth age," have written such a meagre couplet as this:—

"As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end."

unless he was in his "second childishness".

Any one conversant with the writings of Shakspeare would hardly say such "*dogrel rime*," as Bacon's paraphrase of the Psalms bore the impress of his "mighty line." If by descending from things sacred to things profane, Bacon's couplet may be paralleled in "As You Like It" Act III. Scene. 2

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind,
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

of which, Touchstone says:—

"I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market."

Could Milton who speaks of

“—————the celestial siren’s harmony
That sit upon the nine unfolded spheres,
And sing to these that hold the vital shears
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.”

write in his poetic infancy such a line as

“The greater navies look like walking woods.”?

Could Coleridge who tells of

“————that innumerable company
Who in broad circle lovelier than the rainbow
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard ;—
Fittest unheard !”

produce such lines as these in connection with
the XCth psalm

Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes, and comes, unawares to them that sleep.

Wordsworth, who says :—

“The Heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony ;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist ;

Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round :”

could he have produced in his declining years
such lines as these in reference to the grass
which in the morning flourisheth, and in the
evening withereth ?—

“ At morning, fair it musters on the ground ;
At ev'n, it is cut down, and laid along,
And though it spared were, and favour found,
The weather would perform the mower's wrong :
Thus hast thou hang'd our life on brittle pins,
To let us know it will not bear our sins.”

Emphatically, I ask :—could Bacon, judging
from all his absolutely known poetry, which is
only this paraphrastic version of seven of the
Psalms of David, by any possibility, have written
such a striking parallel to this text in Christ's
sermon on the Mount, “ Judge not that ye be
not judged ; for with what judgment ye judge
ye shall be judged ; and with what measure ye
mete, it shall be measured to you again ;” as we
find in the following passage from “ Measure
for Measure ?” words that might arrest an un-

kind speech on the very lips, sending it back
 " as deep as to the lungs: "—

" How would you be,
 If HE which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? oh, think on that
 And Mercy then will breath within your lips,
 Like man new made."

We do not find in Bacon's writings any parallel passages to this one on Mercy,—which Shakspeare calls in another place " an attribute to God—

Bacon has given us Essays on Simulation, Envy, Vainglory, Cunning, Revenge, and Anger, but not on Mercy and Charity.* True, he has given us an Essay on Love, in which he has strongly urged the dethronement of the God of Love, but he has not said a word in it about that Love which is the fulfilling of the Law: he has left no Essays on "*Faith*,

* In his "*De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*" Bacon gives a few lines to Charity, the noblest Grace, and says:—" If a man's mind be truly inflamed with charity, it doth work him suddenly into greater perfection than all the doctrine of morality can do."

And *Virtue, Patience, Temperance, and Love,*
By name to come call'd *Charity*—the soul
Of all the rest."

Open your "Merchant of Venice" at the first scene of the fourth act, and see how Portia shines forth, "all her divine self," see how her elevated sense of pure Religion makes her appeal to Shylock's mercy. What a matchless piece of eloquence it is, and what a practical sermon to those who are enjoined to "do justice and love mercy;" it is a lesson which ought to last through all time. Here it is unabridged—not a line can be spared—not a line need be added. The sermons of your ablest Divines pale before its "effectual fire:"——

The quality of Mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to GOD Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though Justice be thy plea, *consider this*,—
 That in the course of Justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for Mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of Mercy.*

Is there any thing in Bacon's prose or poetry
 like the above ? No !

As Nathaniel Holmes is so fond of parallels, I may put to him this question:—Did Shakspeare borrow his idea of Mercy being "an attribute to God" from his contemporary Cervantes? who, like Shakspeare, entered on an immortal eternity on the same day, April 23, 1616.

The following is one of those wise injunctions which Don Quixote delivers to Sancho Panza, when he was appointed Governor of the Island of Barataria.

"For the delinquent that is under thy juris-

"* He delighteth in *Mercy*." Micah VII. 8

"To the Lord our God belong *Mercies* and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him."

Daniel IX. 9

diction, consider that the miserable man is subject to the temptations of our depraved nature, and as much as thou canst, without grievance to the contrary party, show thyself mild and gentle; for although God's *attributes are equal*, yet, to our sight His *Mercy is more precious, more eminent than His Justice.*"

Shakspeare in another place (*Measure for Measure*, Act II., sc. 2) thus alludes to Mercy:—

No ceremony, that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As Mercy does."

Bacon has given us an *Essay on Riches*, of which he says:

"I cannot call Riches better than the baggage of Virtue: the Roman word is better—*impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue—it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the Victory;" but he has given us no parallel to

these passages, from Shakspeare, on the love of money and avarice, the concomitants of Riches,

How quickly Nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object.

2. Henry IV. Act IV. 4.

Avarice

Grows with more pernicious root
Than summer seeding lust.

Macbeth Act IV. 3

There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls ;
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell ;
I sell thee poison, thou sold me none. *

Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious gold, †
. will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods ! Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides, ‡
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads. ||

* Spoken to an apothecary. Romeo and Juliet.

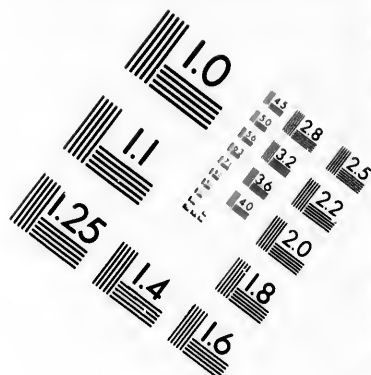
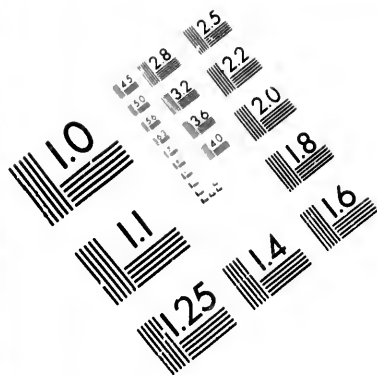
† Timon of Athens, Act IV. 3.

‡ Aristophanes, in his *Plutus* makes the priests of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. || This alludes to the ancient custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men, in their last agonies, to hasten their death, and thus relieve their sufferings.

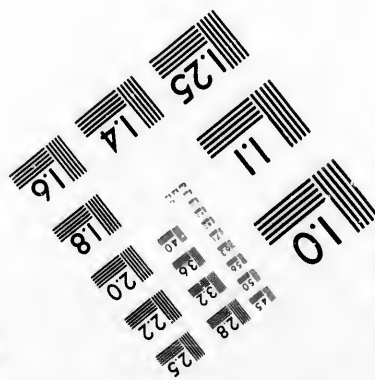
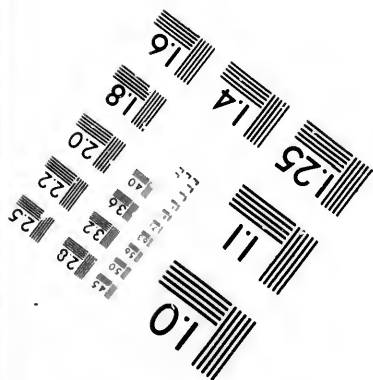
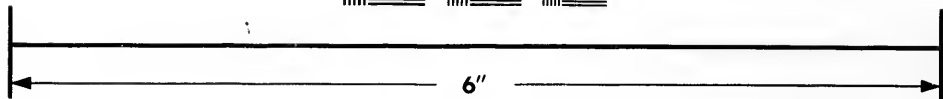
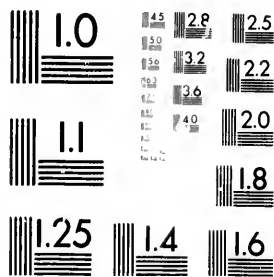
This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd ;
 Make the hear leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it
 That makes the wapper'd * widow wed again ;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' April day again."

It is not probable that Bacon could have written such sentiments as these upon Gold, and called it in another place in the "Timon of Athens:"—"Thou sweet king killer, and dear divorce, twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler of Hymen's purest bed! that speak'st with every tongue to every purpose!" for, according to Archbishop Whately, the illustrious annotator of Bacon's Essays, "the philosopher appears but too plainly to have been *worldly, ambitious, covetous, base, selfish, and unscrupulous*. He reached the highest pinnacle, indeed, to which

* *Wappered* may mean debilitated, worn or weakened. Beaumont and Fletcher have "unwappered" in the sense of unworn. Wappered is a word in use in Glostershire and Warwickshire.



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his ambition had aimed ; but he died impoverished, degraded, despised, and broken hearted. His example, therefore, is far from being at all seductive."*

Bacon heeded not the saying of St. Paul in his first epistle to his beloved Timothy : " They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." He regarded not the saying of Seneca :—" Fortune's bounties are generally snares ; we think we take, but are taken ;" nor these lines from Martial :—

" 'Tis rare, when riches cannot taint the mind,
In Cræsus' wealth a Numa's soul to find ;"

nor these from Juvenal—

" Whence shall these prodigies of vice be traced ?

* Basil Montague says of Bacon ;—He was a lover of the pomp of the world, to an extent highly dangerous for one who had but little private fortune, insufficient official remuneration, and habits which disqualified him for exercising a strict superintendence over the expenses of his household, on the conduct of his dependents generally."

From wealth, my friend.
 Since Poverty, our better genius, fled,
 Vice, like a deluge, o'er the state has spread."

Shakspeare, supposing Bacon did not write the
 Rape of Lucrece, has written therein :—

" The profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
 The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 Than one for all, or all for one, we gage,
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage,
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost."

Suppose, halting by the way, we examine
 these epithets applied by Archbishop Whately
 to Bacon, and see how Shakspeare treats them.

WORLDLY.

" Sweet Prince the untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not div'd unto the *world's deceit* ;
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward show, which, God, he knows
 Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the, heart."

Richard III. Act III. 1

Did Bacon write these lines in Richard III.

for, or address them to, the young Prince Henry of England, who died, at the age of nineteen, in 1612? Did he, when he became Lord Keeper or Lord Chancellor, say to his friend Ben Jonson, what King Lear says to the Earl of Gloucester:—"What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond' Justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places; and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the thief?—"

"Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

King Lear Act VI. 75

AMBITIOUS. Wolsey charges Cromwell to fling away ambition for "by that sin fell the angels;

"How can man, then
The image of his Maker hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty."

Henry VIII. Act IV. 1.

COVETOUSNESS, "which is idolatry," properly signifies an intemperate ungoverned love of riches, is a word Shakspeare has not a fondness for: he only uses it upon four occasions, and then does not use it seriously, or for any practical or moral end, save in this instance.

"When workmen strive to do better than well
They do compound their skill in *covetousness* ;
And often times, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worst by the excuse."

King John Act IV. 2

This dialogue, from a scene (enter three fishermen), in Pericles Prince of Tyre, well illustrates the subject :—

"Master, I wonder how the fishes live in the sea.

Fisherman. Why as men do on land ; the great ones eat up the little ones. I compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as a whale ; a plays and tumbles, diving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they have swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all."

BASE.

"You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his *obsequious* bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and, when he's old,
 Whip me such honest knaves." [cashier'd ;
 Othello Act I. 1.

"The time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness *basely*, were too long,
 If life did ride on a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

I Henry IV. Act V. 2

SELFISH. Shakspeare has not the word: it was no part of his nature. Again, it is not common to the literature of the period. Milton does not use it. Nevertheless our great poet, while poor old King Lear preaches to the raging elements, makes them preach to the *selfish*. What a memento of duty are these words of the storm-beaten King:—

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp,
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just!"

King Lear Act III. 4

and lastly, UNSCRUPULOUS, a word neither in Shakspeare nor Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, but if we take it in this sense, unprincipled, devoid of conscience, those who have sorrow of mind and a trembling heart, and the wicked who are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, and whose waters cast up dirt; then Shakspeare speaks out boldly about the wretchedness of a bad conscience:—

Better be with the dead,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Macbeth Act III. 2

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Hamlet Act I. 5

To my sick soul, as Sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss ;
So full of artless jealousy is Guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Hamlet Act IV. 5

Conscience is a thousand swords.

Richard III. Act V. 2

Oh, it is monstrous ! monstrous.
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper ; it did *bass** my trespass.

Tempest Act III. 3

These selections have not been made idly, nor without purpose. Let those who feel interested in the debated case—BACON *versus* SHAKSPERE—try to find parallels in thought and diction to them in Bacon's writings.

Nathaniel Holmes lays too much stress upon these parallelisms between Bacon and Shakspeare, and argues that because the works of Bacon were not printed and published until after the plays in question had appeared, Shakspeare could not have borrowed from Bacon, and it is too ridiculous to suppose Bacon could have borrowed from such a man as Shakspeare, —*ergo*, Bacon was himself the author of both the poetry and the prose. When Nathaniel Holmes and his brother "Theorists" give to the world any *absolutely known* specimens of

* Outsound, or spoke louder than.

Bacon's poetry, with similitudes of thought, style, diction and feeling to those of Shakspeare's which I have quoted, I shall confess myself disarmed, and that all "my imaginations are as foul as Vulcan's stithy."

Bacon's writings contain many excellent views of Gospel truth, and though he may not have acted up to the precepts he has expounded, and may have thought with the ancient Gnostics, who held that their (so called) *knowledge* (Gnosis) of the Gospel would save them, though leading a vicious life*; "Let no one, thereupon," as Archbishop Whately counsels, "undervalue or neglect the lessons of wisdom which Bacon's writings may supply, and which we may, through divine grace, turn to better account than he did himself. It would be absurd

* His ethical and philosophical works abound with Biblical allusions. "Nothing," says Macaulay, "can be found in his writings, or in any other writings, more eloquent and pathetic than some passages which were apparently written under the influence of strong devotional feeling."

to infer, that because Bacon was a great philosopher, and far from a good man, therefore you will be a better man for keeping clear of his philosophy. His intellectual superiority was no more the cause of his moral failures, than Solomon's wisdom was of his. The intellectual light they enjoyed did not, indeed, keep them in the right path; but you will not be more likely to walk in it, if you quench any light that is afforded you."

This is wise counsel of Archbishop Whately, and I hope not be considered presumptuous in adding to it:—Don't be afraid to read Shakspeare, because of the occasional vulgarities that sully his pages: make a fair allowance for the manners of his times before you censure his grossnesses; of this, be assured, he has no more an evil design upon our moral sentiments than the satirical manners-painting Hogarth in his pictures of the Harlot's Progress and Marriage à la Mode. It is too much the fashion, now a day, for extreme sections of the Evangelical party, whether belonging to the Church of

England, or to the Dissenting Churches, to overlook the sacred lyrical writings of the early Greek and Latin Fathers, lest by a study of them they may get tainted with Catholicism. Consequently, some of the great outbursts of sacred song which Dr. J. Mason Neale has rescued from the long buried past, and translated from the originals of St. Anatolius of Constantinople, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil the Great, Gregory of Nyssa, Clement of Alexandria, St. John of Damascus, Thomas Aquinas, St. Ambrose of Milan, and Prudentius remain unread and unsung by many Christian congregations. Perhaps, sections of the Catholic Church may also be charged with overlooking the lyrics of Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and William Cowper, for fear of being tainted with heresy. Again, the beauties of Byron, Shelley and Swift are lost to students of English Literature in consequence of "*Cain*," "*Queen Mab*," and "*The Tale of the Tub*," because they are forbidden by certain people of the Puritanical School, who are so scrupulous that they cannot in consci-



ence permit others to read those works which they have no mind to, or those which they think have no relish of salvation in them. The noble music of the Spenserian stanza in "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," and the lyrical beauty, both of thought and language, in the "*Sensitive Plant*," and the nervous, bare, unadorned English in the pure and powerful prose of the "*Tatler and Examiner*," cease to be a benefit to our students; and "things of beauty," which ought not only to be a "joy for ever," but a joy to everybody, are lost for ever to those who are prohibited from reading them. John Milton, though he was a Puritan,* as Charles Kingsley has pointed out, was no rigid hater of the beautiful because it was Heathenish and Popish, no poet, perhaps, shows wider and truer sympathy with every form of the really beautiful in art, nature, and history than Milton, but he was a reader of his Bible and Shakspeare; he had looked God's word and his own soul in the face

* "Plays and Puritans"—Miscellanies, 1859.

and acted upon that which he had found. He felt to his heart's core, for he sang of it, the magnificence and worth of really high art,

Of Gorgeous Tragedy
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the Tale of Troy divine,
Or what, though rare, of later age,
Ennobled hath thy buskin'd stage.

Read your Shakspeare, peruse and re-peruse him, at your firesides, in meditative silence apart from the company of *theatrical* representation; you will be astonished what a treasure his pages disclose of noble sentiment, of acute observation, of instructive reflections, of sage advice, of practical truth, and moral wisdom. Read the writings of Bacon for their true philosophy, read and compare these two great Elizabethan lights, and the more carefully and attentively you do so, the more firmly am I impressed with the belief that nothing but a misguided and infatuated judgment will bring you to any other conclusion relative to Shakspeare's authorship than that formed and openly stated by Ben Jonson and Milton, whose testi-

mony alone ought to be conclusive against the "*Baconian Theory*."

Read Bacon's paraphrastic version of the seven Psalms* dedicated to George Herbert, and you will not rank him in the scale of poets with Giles Fletcher and his brother Phineas, or with Robert Herrick and George Wither. You will confess that in his rhyming version he does not rise equal to the lyrics and hymns of Jeremy Taylor, who has been styled "our Shakspeare in theology," and who though not considered a poet in the strictest sense of the term, will be ever endeared in the memory of the Anglican Church by his vastly comprehensive learning and exalted piety. It may be said of Bacon, though not a poet, that he is the Prince of Philosophers and has written his glorious Essays in prose with the pen of a poet; that is, supposing poetry does not mean mere rhyme, nor mere

* The Psalms selected are I. XII. XC. CIV. CXXVI. CXXXVII. CXLIX. Bacon describes them as "the poor exercises of his sickness."

metre, nor mere wit; nor is like our modern jinglings, where sound is preferred to sense, provided there be a lot of high-flown epithets and violent metaphors in inflated language.

There is a prose, like that of the Bible, which rises into Poetry. Instance these examples:—

Who hath measured the waters
In the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And comprehended the dust
Of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales
And the hills in a balance?

Isaiah XL. 12

The Heavens shall vanish away like smoke ;
The earth shall wax old like a garment ;
They that dwell therein shall die in like manner

Isaiah II. 6

The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ;
The Heavens shall pass away with a great noise ;
The elements shall melt with a fervent heat ;
The earth and the things therein shall be burnt ;
And all these things shall be dissolved

St. Peter III. 10

These prophecies of St. Peter and Isaiah, Shakspeare must have had in his mind's eye,

when he wrote those memorable lines, which are graven on the scroll beneath his effigies in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey:—

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Had Bacon given us such a paraphrase as Reginald Heber's of the glittering throng of Jewish worshippers, as the mighty procession, with their priests and musicians, moved, in stately measures, onward to the gorgeously appointed temple, chanting this jubilant anthem of praise to JEHOVAH! then praise may be awarded to him as a poet. Contrast Bacon's CIVth with Heber's CXXIInd.

I was glad when they said to me
Let us go into the House of JEHOVAH.
My feet shall stand within thy gates,
O Jerusalem !
Jerusalem is built a compact city,
House join to house within it.
Thither the Tribes go up, the Tribes of JEHOVAH,
To the memorial feast for Israel,
To praise the majesty of JEHOVAH.

There stand the thrones of Judgment
The thrones which the King hath established.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And tranquility within thy salaces :
I will say, Peace be within thee ;
Because of the Temple of our GOD,
I will seek thy good.

The spirit of the original is not in this instance sacrificed. Shakespere, also, never lost sight of the spirit of the original, he never sacrificed the marrow for the dry bones.

With this slight digression, I shall dismiss the Shaksperian parallels with Bible truths, in the hope that many may be induced to attentively read their Bibles, and their Shaksperes, and their Miltons, and their Bacons, and their Cudworths, and their Barrows and their Hookers, and the works of other great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and quit their novels and their periodicals for a while. They will then not only learn the striking harmony that subsists between the Bible and some of those great

minds,—“ gulfs of learning ”—“ monarchs of letters ”! They will also learn the better how to refute the audacious, if not blasphemous utterances of such men as Nathaniel Holmes, who say:—“ We worship in Jesus what belongs to Plato; in Shakspeare, what belongs to Bacon; and in many others, what belongs to the real philosopher, the actual teacher, the true Saviour, and to Philosophy herself.”

I shall leave to the Divines to show that there is nothing in Christ that belongs to Plato; but I may remark, *en passant*, that St. Paul's description of the spiritual condition of the heathen world in general, not merely of the ignorant, but also of the most learned and accomplished men of Greece and Rome, is generally allowed to be a faithful representation. The picture was drawn after the talents of such men as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero had been constantly exercised in endeavouring to enlighten and improve mankind; and it is very generally admitted that the utmost stretch of their researches terminated in mere opinion

and conjecture; and that their labours were not sufficient to preserve themselves from doubt and error, much less to recover others from idolatry and corruption.

Philosophy never yet framed a Religion suited to the wants of man, but it may safely be said that in Shakspeare's plays there is so much of wise counsel and elevated thought, which, if known and followed, would guide a young man safely through the most critical periods of his life. The dramatist has most ably seconded the warnings of Solomon, and the teachings of St. Paul, who commands that we keep our bodies sacred as temples dedicated to the living God. It has been beautifully and truly said by Charles W. Stearns,* "Shakspeare instructs not with the icy precepts of the puritan or pharisee, who confesses no sympathy with the temper, and would repress the natural gaiety of youth; nor, as the grey bearded ascetic and hermit, whose fires are

* Shakspeare Treasury. Charles W. Stearns, M.D., 1869.

long ago extinct. But having himself 'sounded all the depths and shoals' that young men must pass over in the voyage of life, he teaches them as though he were one of their own companions."

Herein there is a marked contrast between the teachings of Bacon. His Essays, golden meditations as they are, were not issued in a complete form until the year 1625, a year before his death, when they were enlarged both in number and weight. They have about them something of the gravity of age, and the coldness of the grey-bearded ascetic. Bacon approaches a subject always on its serious side. It has been said of him, that "his habit of mind is leisurely: he does not write from any special stress of passionate impulse; he does not *create* material so much as he comments upon material already existing. He is usually full of allusions and references, and there his reader must be able to follow and understand." In other words, he does not write as a Poet who, according to

Wordsworth, "is a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to *create where he does not find them.*" It cannot be said of Bacon, "He is doubtless at once the merriest and wisest of *laughing* philosophers; while of Shakspeare, in the larger part of his comic scenes, may be said, as is elegantly said by Xenophon of Socrates:—"He sports with a serious purpose," which Bacon never seems to do.

Franklin Fisk Heard, in his preface to Bacon's Essays,* says: "He lives among great ideas, as with great nobles, with whom he dare not be too familiar. In the tone of his mind there is ever something imperial. When he

* Bacon's Essays with annotations by Richard Whately, D.D., and notes and glossarial index. Boston, Lee & Shepherd, 1868.

writes on building, he speaks of a palace, with spacious entrances and courts and banqueting halls; when he writes on gardens, he speaks of alleys and mounts, waste places and fountains, of a garden which is indeed princelike;" * * * * his Essays is a book plainly to lie in the closets of Statesmen and Princes, and designed to nurture the noblest natures."

Hence, in my opinion, not so much a book for the guidance of youth, or one that they would take much delight in reading.

Shakspeare may be said to moralize amidst his mirthment, and preach amidst his playfulness; but while instruction *tingures* his gaiety, it *pervades* his seriousness.

Bacon in his Essay "Of Gardens" and in his "Cogitationes de Natura Rerum" does not speak of a

Bank where the wild thyme blows,
There oxslips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite o'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

Midsummer Night's Dream Act II. 1

nor of

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength ;
Winter's Tale Act IV. 4

nor of daffodils, .

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ;
Winter's Tale Act IV. 3

nor of marigolds,

That go to bed with the sun
And with him rises weeping ;
Winter's Tale Act IV. 3

nor of violets, dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ;
Winter's Tale Act IV. 3

nor of

Daisies-pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Which paint the meadows with delight ;
Love's Labor Lost Act V. 2

nor of

Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;
Hamlet Act IV. 7

nor of

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
 The azur'd harebell, like thy veins ; no nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

Cymbeline Act IV. 2

All these savour more of the meadows on the banks of the Avon, where all these flowers are so luxuriant, than the garden of "Graies Inne" * and more of the youth who strolled over the fields to Shottery and went a wooing there one Anne Hathaway, and in the summer's eve sat with her under "the willow that grows ascaunt the brook," and swore "he lov'd her well," than the philosophic lawyer who married "his wench at Maribone" when he was at the age of sentimental, not romantic, forty-five ;

* Archbishop Whately says "Bacon was remarkably unskilful in the department of natural history. His observations were slight and inaccurate, and his reasonings from them very rash. And most remarkable of all is his error about the mistletoe ; a trifling matter in itself ; but the casting up of a sum is a test of one's arithmetic, whether the items be farthings or pounds."

and when "the hey-day in the blood was tame, and humble, and waited upon the judgment."

Let me now try to dispose of some of the stumbling blocks in the way of these "Baconian Theorists." The slight knowledge we possess of Shakspeare's early life, school days, and education, his obscure and humble parentage, his profession as an actor, and the saying of Ben Jonson—"And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke," the "Theorists" seize with avidity, and say because Shakspeare drew materials, ideas, and expressions, from the plays of Sophocles, Aristophanes and Euripides, and even from Plato, no less than from the Latin of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus, he could not have written the plays ascribed to him. They ignore these lines in Jonson's eulogy:—

*"He was not for an age, but for all time
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo he came forth to warne
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!"*

They are unwilling to believe that the plays of Shakspeare have replaced those of the Latines and the Greekes! Ben Jonson, of

course, was only paying to Shakspeare's memory the usual *lying* compliments put on grave stones and monuments, he was merely imitating Bacon's *simulation* in the nauseous adulation of his dedication of the First Book of "The Advancement of Learning" to King James.

"For it seemeth much in a King, if, by the compendious extractions of other men's wits and labours, he can take hold of any superficial ornaments and shows of learning; or if he countenance and prefer learning and learned men; but to drink indeed of the true fountains of learning, nay, *to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a King, and in a King born, is almost a miracle.* And the more, because there is met in your Majesty a rare conjunction, as well of divine and sacred literature, as of profane and human; so *as your Majesty standeth invested of that triplicity, which in great veneration was ascribed to ancient Hermes; the power and fortune of a King, the knowledge and illumination of a priest, and the learning and universality of a philosopher.*"

The "Theorists" are truly dumb-founded at Shakspeare's characters speaking the language of Nature; at his always putting into the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*, be they high or low, Kings, Princes, and Nobles, or Constables, Clowns, and Grave diggers, precisely what they must have said. They say to themselves, "Can such things be and overtake us like a summer's cloud without our special wonder," that this son of an *ordinary yeoman*, including the *business of a glover*, this "poacher," this "link boy," this "mere servitor or under-actor," this "puppet," this "ape," at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres, could rise to the rank of the writer of the best plays in the English language, rivalling those of Seneca and Plautus! * How can we, they say, believe it possible

* Pope says :—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,"

To wit :—

Beranger, a printer's compositor, taught himself, and began to publish at 16.

Ben Jonson, a bricklayer's lad, fairly worked his way

that he has written these plays, &c., when there is no original manuscript of any play, or poem, letter, or other prose composition in the handwriting of William Shakspeare as yet discovered! *Et tu quoque*—Have the “Theorists” produced any manuscripts of any poetry, sonnets, masques and plays of Francis Bacon? No—of course, there is no necessity! the

upward through Westminster and Cambridge, and became famous by his “Every Man in his Humour,” at 24.

Burns, a ploughboy, was a village celebrity at 16, and soon after began to write.

To show that a Poet’s talents are frequently displayed early in youth, instance the following:—

Ovid wrote verses from boyhood.

Pope published his pastorals at 16, and translated the “Iliad” between 25 and 30.

Schiller became famous through his “Brigands” at 23.

Byron wrote his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” at 21.

Coleridge was filled with poetry and metaphysics at 15.

Dibdin, the naval ballad writer, his first opera was acted at Covent Garden when he was 16.

Dryden wrote good verses at 17.

philosopher, not wishing to be known as the author, ordered them to be destroyed! very like! very like!*—Why may not Heminge and Condell, after the publication of the 1623 Folio, considered the Shaksperian Manuscripts of no value, and destroyed them; or if they had retained the properties and archives of the Blackfriars theatre, may they not have been made way with either by the fanatical puritans in the reigns of King James I. and Charles I.

* Bacon, had he veritably been the author, he would not have so acted; the idea is irrational and absurd. He must have been a fool not to have known that such plays would have immortalized him. He knew the repute with which they were held in by Queen Elizabeth and King James and the nobles of both reigns. And even admitting for the sake of argument that he did not wish to be known as the author during his life, would not his tatling, fidgety friend, Tobie Matthew, have divulged the authorship? Would Selden and Herbert, who were to be consulted by Brother Constable relative to all Bacon's manuscript compositions, and the fragments of such as were not finished, if they had found any writings similar to Shakspere's, withheld or destroyed them?

and of the Commonwealth,* or consumed by the great fire of London, 3rd Sept., 1666?

It is all *surmise* and *conjecture* about these manuscripts so far as Bacon is concerned; and I must confess after the most careful and impartial reading of Nathaniel Holmes's work, "The Authorship of Shakspere," that I never read a more specious one, nor one more full of crotchets and hobbies, nor one so entirely dependent on a reasoning without facts, and on that oily monosyllable IF.

Like Gratiano's, in the Merchant of Venice, "his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them they are not worth the search,"—that is, in confirmation of the "Baconian Theory."

Nevertheless "The Authorship of Shakspere" has its uses for the student in the

* In that age, poetry and novels were publicly destroyed by the Bishops, and privately by the Puritans. In the Commonwealth the stage was totally abolished.

carefully prepared list of parallelisms between the Prince of Poets and the Prince of Philosophers, "who made the Elizabethan age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo." These parallelisms, though not amounting in themselves to anything more than mere conjectural evidence in favour of the "Baconian Theory", are very interesting and instructive, and show that there are, as the Apostle says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, "so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification"—many voices which seem to breathe a similar spirit, therefore parallels are not without signification.*

* Unfortunately for the "Theorists" these parallels are "double-edged"—many of them were written years after the sonnets and plays, and some after Shakspeare's death. So that it may be asked:—Did Bacon borrow from Shakspeare?

Often times the parallels are nothing more than the accidental use of the very verbs, nouns, and adjectives in common use by most of the writers of the period.

Take the English Christian classic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and you will find many parallels between them and the Heathen classic writers. Expressions and sentiments found in Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Seneca, Juvenal, Quintillian, Hesiod, Persius, Horace and other Greek and Latin authors find an echo in Shakspeare, Bacon, Cecil, Selden, Fuller, Cotton, Milton, Taylor, Hooker, Walton, Donne, Barrow, South, Flavel, Burton, and Leighton, thereby proving a fragment of Heraclitus, "*all human understandings are nourished by one Divine Word.*"

But to return to Jonson's saying of "*small Latine and lesse Greeke;*" it implies that Shakspeare had a knowledge of both, and it is more than likely that he received a sound education at the Grammar School at Stratford, at least education enough to read ordinary Latin Books and Translations. His father, having reached the highest distinction which it was in the power of his fellow townsmen to bestow, that of High Bailiff or Chief Magistrate, would

have the privilege of sending his son William to the Grammar School connected with the Corporation of Stratford; and for the sake of argument, I have a right to assume from the internal evidence of Shakspeare's writings, that he received a solid education, though he may not have received an academical and classical education, such as was obtainable in the sixteenth century at "those twins of learning Ipswich and Oxford," nor have been so ripe and good a Scholar as their princely founder Cardinal Wolsey.

At all events he was stored with good vigorous and idiomatic English. From his writings there was unquestionably one Book with which he was familiar, the Great Bible of Tyndale's, revised by Coverdale, which doubtless his mother, the gentle Mary Arden, often read to him. He would thus, as a boy, get impressed with the story of Joseph sold into slavery and advanced to honour; and how the Lord was with the child Samuel; and that God sent his angel to shut the Lion's mouths that they should

not hurt his servant Daniel; and also sent his angel to preserve the three children in the fiery furnace. He would learn how Elijah was fed at the brook Cherith by ravens; and of that Herod who murdered the Innocents; and of Christ blessing little children, and teaching the people that the poor in spirit, the meek, the just, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace makers were the happy and beloved of God.

One thing may be fairly assumed, that Shakspeare had wise and good masters at Stratford's Grammar school of the Holy Guild. "These Grammar Schools,"* as Charles Knight observes, "were wise institutions, they opened the road to usefulness and honour to the humblest in the land; they bestowed upon the son of the peasant the same advantages as the son of the noble could receive from the most accomplished teacher in his father's halls." In other words, Shakspeare, the son of the yeoman,

* Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville were form-fellows at the Free Grammar School of Shrewsbury.

had as a good a chance to be educated as Henry Wriothesly the accomplished Earl of Southampton. Who shall say he did not profitably use his advantage? Whatever his education was, he evidently had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Hugh Miller has upon this subject a few sensible and pertinent remarks* —

“ There has been much written on the learning of Shakspeare, but not much to the purpose : one of our old Scotch proverbs is worth all the dissertations on the subject I have yet seen, “ *Gods Bairns are eath to lear,*” *i. e.* easily instructed. Shakspeare must, I suppose, have read many more books than Homer (we may be sure every good book that came in his way, and some bad ones), and yet Homer is held to have known a thing or two. The more ancient poet was unquestionably as ignorant of English

* First Impressions of England and its People, p. 259. London Edition, 1874.

as the more modern one of Greek ; and as one produced the Iliad without any acquaintance with Hamlet, I do not see why the other may not have produced Hamlet without any acquaintance with the Iliad. Johnson was quite in the right in holding, that though the writings of Shakspeare exhibit much knowledge, it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He might have added further, that the knowledge they display, which books *did* supply, is of a kind which might be all found in English books at the time,—fully one half of it, indeed, in the Romances of the period. Every great writer, in the department in which he achieves his greatness, whether he be a learned Milton, or an unlearned Burns, is self taught."

Rapin, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us:—"He must have a genius extraordinary ; great natural gifts ; a wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid and universal ; an understanding clear and distinct ; an imagination neat and pleasant ; an elevation of soul that depends not only

on art or study, but is purely *the gift of Heaven*, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them." All of which, "I must powerfully and potently believe" Shakspeare possessed, as I do that "old men have grey beards and their faces are wrinkled;" that is, *if* he is the author of the plays, poems and sonnets.

From Milton's classical education, it is not all at to be wondered that there should be found in his writings so many imitations of Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, and you can see from whence they are derived. Had not Shakspeare enough Latin to abstract all he required from Virgil, Horace, and Ovid? Had he not also for ready use translations of Terence, Seneca, Livy, and Tacitus; and of Homer, Herodotus, Plutarch, Epictetus, Hippocrates and Galen? Shakspeare presents numerous instances of undesigned resemblance to the Ancients; passages purely original in him, may be paralleled with corresponding passages of writers with

whom he may have had but a slight acquaintance. Nathaniel Holmes, not having proved by external evidence that Bacon is the author of Shakspeare's plays, at least not to my mind, I maintain my perfect right to prove by internal evidence that Shakspeare was a tolerably good classical scholar ; that he had practical wisdom together with a wonderfully varied knowledge of the different arts and pursuits of life ; of military science, witness his King John, Richard II. and III. Henry IV. V. and VI. with their war pictures ;—this military knowledge he could not have obtained from Bacon—of horticultural and rural life ;—these he might have got from his native county Warwick—of the sea and whatever belongs to nautical matters ; of woodcraft, field sports, falconry and hunting ;—these were not the forte of the Reader of Gray's Inn, and the Attorney General to King James ; though it is true that in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century we find a Reverend and grey-bearded octogenarian in the Diocese of Lincoln, a breeder of race horses.

Nathaniel Holmes does not give any parallels from Bacon's writings upon the soldier's and sailor's life, or upon field sports.

Milton, according to his able and learned biographer and editor, (Thomas Newton D.D.) was, at the age of seventeen, a very good classical scholar, and master of several languages, and he was fitted for the University of Cambridge, at St. Paul's Grammar School; with these facts, judging from the phrenological development of Shakspeare's massy brain cover or "globe-like cranium," when compared with that of Milton's, there would be no difficulty in the author of "Venus and Adonis" acquiring a tolerable proficiency in the Latin tongue before he left the Grammar School of the Holy Guild at Stratford-on-Avon, or at least enough to be able to read and understand his Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. If he did not, did he get his friend Ben Jonson to point out to him Horace, when Hamlet utters this somewhat obscurely evolved observation which precedes the entrance of the Ghost?

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty
Since Nature cannot choose his origin—&c.

Hamlet Act I. 4

This nice and true observation, founded
on the quick-sightedness of our Nature to the
faults of others, occurs more than once in the
manner's painting Horace

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratus.

Lib : II. Epist. I.

. Vitiis mediocribus, ac mea paucis,
Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta ; velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nœvos.

Lib : I. Sat. 6

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air ;
The glowworm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Hamlet Act I. 5

This remarkably resembles what Virgil
makes the ghost of Anchises say to his son
Æneas :—

Jamque vale ! torquet medios nox humida cursus,
Ut me sævus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.

Æn. Book V.

Like the ghost of *Anchises*, this of Hamlet's father, speaks of his abode:—

. . . . Non me impia namque
Tartara habent, tristesque umbræ.

In *Coriolanus*, Act IV., Sc. I.,

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd,

exactly agrees with the *Horatian* Remark:—

Urit qui fulgore, *extinctus amabitur idem.*

This idea is thus beautifully unfolded by Cowper:—

Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time hath stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half our poverty.

It is a favourite sentiment with Shakspeare:—thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. Sc. 4 :

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
That the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

In the *Tempest* the following fine apostrophe has been supposed an imitation of *Medea's*

speech in Ovid's *Metam*, Lib. VII., which was translated before the play was written,*

Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
Dique omnes memorum, &c.

The resemblance is remarkable; but Shakspeare has left Ovid far behind, in richness of imagery and energy of diction. There is an unusual and admirable stateliness and solemnity in the flow and tone of these noble lines, which are some of our poet's latest productions, showing, as Bacon says:—" *True art is always capable of advancing.*"

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide Sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder

* See Golding's *Ovid*, translated in 1567.

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spu:s pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd and let them forth
 By my most potent art."

Tempest Act V. 1

There is no parallel to this in Bacon! and I ask the classic scholar to produce one among all the English translations of Ovid?

Shakspeare may have read his Ovid for another purpose, especially the *De Tristibus* in which the Latin Poet endeavours to make amends for his licentious poems, and gives Augustus a sort of plan for a public reformation. Amongst other things he advises suppressing of plays "as being the promoters and dissolution of manners."

"Ut tamen hoc fatear, ludi quoque semina prebent
 Nequitia: tolli tota theatra jube."

Take the plays of some of Shakspeare's contemporaries, which Ben Jonson thus describes in his own noble prose, "wherein nothing but the filth of the mire is uttered and

that with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, such racked metaphors, with (indecent) able to violate the ear of a Pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water," and behold how Shakspeare reformed the Drama, showing in his own plays Vice her own deformity, holding her up to detestation and interesting the heart in the cause of Virtue and Humanity.

"There is in Shakspeare's plays," says a Reverend critic,* "a certain manly, healthy, and fearless hardihood, as opposed to an effeminate, sickly, nervous sensitiveness of moral feeling, which is far better suited than the latter to the rude atmosphere of 'this working-day world,' and quite as nearly allied to sincerity and virtue. The very openness and coarseness of some of Shakspeare's coarse passages brings its own antidote: it is *vice*

* Remarks on the Moral Influence of Shakspeare's Plays, by Thos. Grinfield, M.A., *Longman's* 1850.

without disguise; there is nothing *insidious*; nothing meretricious; no serpent under the rose; no poison dipt in honey; as in the smooth amatory minstrels and novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries."

Or, to use the language of Coleridge one of our poet's purest and best of critics:—"Shakspeare has no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which Religion and Reason alike teach us to detest."

Gervinus says:—"The relation of Shakspeare's poetry to morality and to moral influence upon man is most perfect; in this respect, from Aristotle to Schiller, nothing higher has been asked of poetry than that which Shakspeare rendered. If Bacon felt the lack of a science of human passions, he rightly thought that historians and poets supplied this science, and he might well have searched for this science before all in his neighbour Shakspeare; for no other poetry has taught as his has done, by reminders and warnings, that the taming of the passions is the aim of civilization."

Had Bacon's Essays been published during Shakspeare's time, and had our Poet read them, he may have, possibly, acted upon the great philosopher's advice, who thus writes:—"As for jests there are certain things, which ought to be privileged from them, (*i. e.* plays and such like) namely, Religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance; and any case that deserveth pity." Nevertheless, though Bacon's Essays and works were not published, is it not possible, nay even probable, that there may have been an intimacy or interchange of thought between Shakspeare and Bacon, though not to such an extent as that existing between Bacon and Jonson? For, *if* Bacon really took the great interest in the drama, masques, and such like, as is represented, I cannot see how he could avoid the knowledge of such a man as Shakspeare, the master spirit of Tragedy and Comedy; neither how Shakspeare should not have made the acquaintance of Bacon *if* aware of his fondness for such productions, and his intimacy

with so many literate associates in common, including Selden, Cotton, Camden, Carew, Raleigh, and some "divers of worship" who met at the Mermaid, not for *wet* combats as some of the "Baconian Theorists" have basely insinuated, but to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul, though it did not belong to the philosopher's gravity and wisdom to resort to such a place.

Of this club, or Parliament of Genius, which combined more talent than ever met together before or since, Ben Jonson was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect. Jonson tells us himself in his graceful poem "Inviting a Friend to Supper:"—

But that which most doth take my muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine.

But the Canary was to be used, not abused:—

Of this we shall sup free, but moderately ;
 Nor shall our cups make any guilty men :
 But at our parting we will be as when
 We innocently met. No simple word,
 That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
 Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to night.

This is not the *principle* of intemperance at any rate, nor did the associates of Jonson meet at the "Mermaid" for mere sensual gratification. Raleigh's club-meetings were not the feasts of the senses alone ; the members were *Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honesti* ; there, were elegance without extravagance, wit without malice, high converse without meddling with sacred things, argumentation without violence, and conviviality without drunkenness.

Intemperance in strong drinks is condemned by Shakspeare when he makes Michael Cassio say :—

O that men should put an enemy into their mouths
 to steal away their brains ! that we should with joy, revel,
 pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves to beasts.

Cæsar says :—

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
 And it grows fouler.

Macduff says:—

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the unhappy throne,
And fall of many kings.

Hamlet, speaking of excessive drinking,
says:—

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
—— And indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

Gower, the author of "Confessio Amantis," a piece upon which his character and reputation are almost entirely founded, is said to have made up what he wanted in invention, from his common-place book, like our modern "enquire-within books;" which was stored with an inexhaustible fund of instructing maxims, axioms, pleasant narrations and philosophical deductions; also that he very probably conducted his associate Chaucer into those profound mysteries which had been just opened by Roger Bacon. It can be proved that

Gower derived much information from the *Secretum Secretorum*, a sort of abridgement of the Aristotelean philosophy, filled with many Arabian innovations and absurdities and enriched with an appendix concerning phlebotomy, justice, public notaries, tournaments, and physiognomy, rather than from the Latin translations of Aristotle. May not Ben Jonson have conducted his associate Shakspeare into some of the profound philosophical mysteries which he had translated for Bacon? Moreover, may not Shakspeare have kept a common-place book, or derived information from this said *Secretum Secretorum*, and also from "certaine workes of Galen, Englyshed by Thomas Gale, 1586? and from the Ethiques of Aristotle, &c., Ihon Wylkinson; printed by Grafton, Printer to King Edward VI., 1547?" Further, may not Shakspeare have picked up much of his knowledge of legal terms from his associate Selden, who was elected in May, 1604, a member of the Society of the Inner Temple, and in 1606 had drawn up an his-

torical treatise on the Civil Government of England before the coming in of the Normans? If Selden was in the habit of mingling with the wits that frequented the "Mermaid," his associates may have participated somewhat of his nature, for he was not given to trifling pursuits, nor vicious pleasures, he, very likely, only formed one of them to hear and enjoy

Words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had met to put his whole wit into a jest.

From the many-sided genius Raleigh, who has been well styled "the soldier, statesman, scholar, and sea adventurer," who had his heart full of most chivalrous worship for England's tutelary genius, may not Shakspeare have obtained some of the military knowledge of Tactics, Discipline, Strategy, and Generalship, Soldier's life, &c., evinced so strongly in many of his plays; to wit:—King John, Richard II. and III. Henry IV. V. and VI., Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony & Cleopatra?

Harry the Vth, Hotspur, Falconbridge and Talbot are real soldiers, not "great arithmeticians, fellows that had never set a squadron in the field;" they had something more in them than "bookish theorie."

It may be argued—all this is mere hypothesis—granted—the "Baconian Theory" hinges upon an IF! The "retort courteous" may ask *if* these worthies, Raleigh, Selden, Jonson, Shakspeare, and other literary friends were in the habit of meeting at the "Mermaid," (and this will scarcely be open to question), then is it to be supposed that every meeting was a mere *Symposium*, or a keen encounter of the wits similar to that between Mercutio and Romeo in the fourth scene of the second act of *Romeo and Juliet*? Some of these meetings were devoted to social and intellectual converse; for the men in those days were sociable animals, and were, perhaps, very little different to the members of different clubs, which Addison, in the *Spectator*, Chap. IX. has so admirably described, where a set of men finding them-

selves agree in any particular, though ever so trivial, establish themselves in a kind of fraternity. What was done in the days of Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, Walpole, and Macklin, when scholars, statesmen, authors, and actors, met to enjoy the flow of soul and talk on the "Sublime and Beautiful," was probably done at the "Mermaid," by Raleigh, Selden, Cotton, Donne, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and rare Ben Jonson.

Each possessed an undisputed claim on the attention and sympathy of the other; a claim founded on the sentiment that awakened a burst of applause in a Roman Theatre "*Homo sum; Humani nihil à me alienum puto;*"—"Human myself, nothing human can fail to interest me."

I have already devoted too much time and space in rebuttal of the insane "Baconian Theory," much more, perhaps, than the subject warrants. The few readers who read the writings of Shakspeare and of his contemporaries slowly, observantly, and reflectively, and, as

Bacon would say, chewingly, will need no argument to convince them that Shakspeare, him is the author of the plays by common consent ascribed to him. But as there are so many throughout the world who are glad to take their opinions at second hand from their neighbours, and save themselves the trouble of examination and reflection, and are ready to place implicit reliance on the *ipse dixit* of any one who will write a book, I have assayed to sling a stone at Nathaniel Holmes for his wicked and wanton attempt to disturb our faith, and destroy an innocent belief so full of pleasure. For wicked it is to assail the righteous memory of the dead, and wanton it is to argue away, upon purely conjectural premises, the literary character of another. If no more evidence either external or internal can be brought by the "Baconians" to disprove Shakspeare's authorship, my faith remains steadfast. If I have failed to convince my readers so far, that Shakspeare the actor is Shakspeare the Poet, let me try to induce them to examine

the question for themselves by the light of contemporaneous authors and history; by the characters of the two men; by analogy. Your great philosophers, metaphysicians, and essayists, whose works are the result of just, pure, and strict enquiry and experiment have not been Poets and Dramatists since the commencement of letters. Bacon being Shakspeare is inconsistent with all precedent and all subsequent literary combinations. With the object of helping the reader to form a conclusion, I have put in parallel columns a list of authors and their works, and a list of Poets and Dramatists, in a sort of chronological order, to show at a glance that the Poet's mind is of a different stamp or kind to that of the Philosopher.

ANCIENT.

THALES, The father of
Greek Philosophy.
Socrates and Plato.
Archimides and Aristotle.
Pliny and Cicero.

HOMER, The father of
Poets.
Æschylus and Sophocles.
Pindarus and Anacreon.
Horace and Catullus.

MODERN.

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|--|--|
| Roger Bacon, Experimental Philosopher. | Geoffrey Chancer, Canterbury Tales. |
| Richd. Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity. | Edmund Spenser, Farie Queene. |
| Bacon (Lord Verulam), Novum Organum. | William Shakspere, England's Dramatist. |
| Sir Kenelm Digby, Metaphysician. | Ben Jonson, Dramatist. |
| Ralph Cudworth, Intellectual System, | John Milton, Paradise Lost. |
| Thomas Hobbes, The Leviathan. | Samuel Butler, Hudibras. |
| John Locke, The Understanding. | John Dryden, Translator of Virgil. |
| Sir Isaac Newton, Principles of Philosophy. | Joseph Addison, The Spectator. |
| Joseph Butler, The Analogy. | Alexander Pope, Translator of Homer. |
| David Hume, Historian. | Oliver Goldsmith, Poet and Novelist. |
| Hugh Blair, Rhetoric. | William Cowper, The Task. |
| Thomas Brown, Lectures on Philosophy. | Percy Bysshe Shelley, Queen Mab. |
| Jeremy Bentham, Morals. | Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. |
| Dugald Stewart, Moral Philosophy. | Thomas Campbell, Pleasures of Hope, |

In the left column will be found a list of classical authors of "Books of Solidity;" books not the mere reflection of current sentiments, but enlighteners and improvers of them. In the right column will be found a list of brilliant poets showing the differing order of the Poetic mind. Let any one read, even cursorily, the works of these Philosophers, Dramatists, and Poets, and I feel certain they will come to this conclusion, that *Bacon never wrote the plays and poems of Shakspeare*. Interchange of or joint authorship is quite as likely between Locke and Dryden, Newton and Addison, Blair and Cowper, &c., &c., as between Bacon and Shakspeare. Do not my dear readers take my *ipse dixit*,—read and judge for yourselves. Take Bacon's advice about reading, which is after this fashion, read a book not with the object of finding faults, but to weigh and consider its statements.

Let the reader ask himself whether the statements of the author be true or fallacious, built upon facts or hypotheses, and having

decided those points it matters not from what quarter the book comes. Every man being endowed with the faculty of judging, it is the reader's own fault if he allows his prejudices to rob him of the benefits of literature.

Before dismissing the subject I have to say a few words more in acknowledgment of the difficulty in refuting the arguments of such men as Nathaniel Holmes, because their conjectures and improbabilities have to be met with an almost utter absence of external information relative to Shakspeare's Dramatic history. Were it my cue to descant upon the writings of our great poet "whose works were to charm unborn ages—to sweeten our sympathies—to beguile our solitude—to enlarge our hearts, and to laugh away our spleen"—"the field would be almost as boundless as the sea, yet as full of beauty and variety as the land." I should be oppressed, as it were, by abundance and filled with matter and material for a volume,—*inopem me copia fecit*. But as it is, the "Genius of Biography" has neglected Shaks-

pere, withheld his personal history, told us nothing of the development of his wondrous mind. The channels of his onward career are dried up; the sources from which he obtained his noble and unrivalled characteristics are undiscovered—all mere tradition—nothing absolute and definite—amazement fills up the void. These materials being denied there is nothing to fall back upon but his incomparable genius, marvellous conception, mimetic power and wonderful invention, which are foolishness and a stumbling-block to the “Baconian Theorists,” who consider it simply preposterous and absurd that the matchless works known by his name, plays the most philosophical in the English language should have been written by a man whose life is so obscure and who was so utterly negligent of his writings that he neither collected nor edited them! Granted—the fact is melancholic—never mind—What knowledge have we of Homer’s life? None! Some placing him either in David or Solomon’s reign—others affirm-

ing that he was begot of a Genius in the isle of Io and born of a Virgin who died upon giving birth to the child who was brought up by Mæon, King of the Lydians. His obscure life has not obscured his writings. The Iliad and the Odyssey have outlived the walls of Troy. Not one word of his everlasting writings has been lost since the days of Pisistratus, though they were not collected and published during the author's life, but were merely sung and retained by memory. The writings of both Homer and Shakspeare "like a mighty ship have passed over the sea of time, not leaving a mere ideal track, which soon altogether disappears, but leaving a train of glory in its wake, present and enduring, daily acting upon our minds, and ennobling us by grand thoughts and images."

I conjure my readers not to let "Shakspeare be hurled from his throne, and made to abdicate or give up the sceptre of that glorious kingdom of English letters over which he has for nearly three hundred years ruled su-

preme, by a free-thinking scoffer like Nathaniel Holmes, without carefully examining into the qualifications of the "Usurper Bacon." I ask them to bear with me while I say a few words upon the internal evidence of Shakspeare's claims.

He has left us rare words, idioms, phrases, epithets, and qualifying terms that are not found in the writings of Bacon. His use of contradictory terms to intensify the expression of a thought is one of the characteristics of his style; in this particular the difference between the writings of Shakspeare and Bacon is only too apparent.

Charles W. Stearns, in his delightful and refreshing volume,* has collected these peculiar epithets, contradictory phrases, and qualifying terms and pointed out Shakspeare's use of what is termed in Rhetoric, the "transferred epithet," which favours the brevity re-

* The Shakspeare Treasury of Wisdom and Knowledge. Putnam & Sons, New York, 1869.

quired in Dramatic writing, and cited the following examples: "*Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution.*" *

The term "trembling" is here transferred from the person paying the money to the money itself, and makes us instantly comprehend and sympathize with the emotions caused by the oppressive exaction of the tax-gatherer. "*The wry-necked fife,*"—the small and straight musical instrument, when played upon, causing the player to twist his neck awry. "*Frighted fields*" † and "*Stumbling night*" ‡ convey at once the idea of herds being frightened in the fields, and of a person stumbling in the darkness of the night. "Faint primrose beds" means that their odour caused a pleasant lan-

* Henry VIII. Act I. 2. Speech of the King relative to the exactions levied by Wolsey on his subjects, the sixth part of their substance to be levied without delay, under pretence of the King's wars in France.

† I. Henry IV. Act III. 1.

‡ King John. Act V., 5.

guor to those lying on them. We also find *dying deck; guilty doors; unshrinking station*. The passages in which they occur when read with the context will thoroughly explain the meaning of the transferred epithet.

Shakspeare's list of epithets and qualifying terms are given at great length by Chas. W. Stearns, hundreds of examples, which may be greatly extended by running the eye down almost any page of Mary Cowden Clarke's *Concordance*, though such a method for perfecting the list is not to be recommended, but the rather, as Stearns suggests, by way of a pleasing and profitable exercise, the students of Shakspeare should carefully read through his plays and poems and sonnets for the purpose of classifying his characteristic phrases and expressions. The more this is done by the students the more thoroughly will they be convinced that Bacon did not write the works of Shakspeare.

Take our poet's scathing denunciations and marvellous epithets, when he wishes to

make vice repugnant and exhibit the monster in all its native hideousness, with "the primal eldest course upon't." "One after another," says a modern critic,* "in dismal procession, he leads the culprits out, to take their place in a pillory that will last as long as language, making them hateful in a single line, sometimes in a single epithet—"Lean faced Envy;" "Back-wounding Calumny;" "Tiger-footed Rage;" "Vaulting Ambition;" "Viperous Slander," "whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile;" Jealousy, "The Green-eyed Monster;" Ingratitude, "The Marble-hearted Fiend;" "More hideous than the Sea Monster!" and that most heinous form of it "Filial Ingratitude" he puts it in its perfect place in these two lines:—

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?

Avarice the "ambitious foul impurity," that

* Bible Truths with Shaksperian parallels, by James Brown, 1864.

"grows with such pernicious root." The Deceitfulness,

Which to betray doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

The relentless implacability that is beastly, savage, devilish. The deep duplicity that can "smile and smile, and be a villain." The Hypocrisy, that "with devotion's visage, and pious action," can "sugar o'er the Devil himself."

There is nothing like these epithets in Bacon's writings—no parallels. In these matters Shakspeare was not a plagiarist or imitator of Bacon, and for this reason, that there does not occur in the prose writings of Bacon anything of the kind to imitate. The philosopher's expressions of thought are more logical, he does not require the abundant use of qualifying adjectives and qualifying terms, which are to the Poet what colours are to the painter. The imagination of the poet may be compared to the gorgeous colouring of such painters as Rubens Titian, and Turner; whereas, the dry facts of the philosopher may be compared to the works

of the etcher and engraver, yet capable of great beauty of expression, as in the prints of Rembrandt, Morghen and Woollet.

I desire not to detract anything from Bacon, neither do I wish to unduly exalt Shakspeare, nor to be accused of blind admiration of him. *Arcades Ambo*, "twins of learning;" "two incomparable men," one the "Prince of Poets," the other the "Prince of Philosophers." In the reign of Elizabeth they held the position that Raffaele and Titian held in art; one for drawing, the other for painting. The Poet, the Philosopher, and the Painter, each and severally, had consummate abilities and are deserving all the praise bestowed on them by those who are familiar with their writings and works. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his discourses, says:—"Raffaele and Titian seemed to have looked at nature for different purposes; they had the power of extending their view to the whole; the one looked only to the general effect produced by form, the other as produced by colour." So may it be

said of Bacon and Shakspeare—they looked at nature differently, more particularly human nature.

In the power of delineating human nature and in the creation of characters, no comparison can be instituted between them; in these gifts Shakspeare stands pre-eminent and unrivalled. Like as we turn our eyes to Titian to find excellence with regard to colour and light and shade in the highest degree, so we turn our eyes to Shakspeare for all the varying light and shade in man. His range takes in all between, and includes the loftiest and the lowliest characters; he makes all his characters exhibit themselves; there was no human greatness he could not portray. And not content with the *chiaro-scuro*, as it were, of human nature, he has coloured his drama with glorious beings that "look not like inhabitants of the earth and yet are on it." Bacon's mental constitution was utterly distinct from Shakspeare's, he lacked that Genius, that deep poetic fire, that breadth of sympathy which embraced

all nature from "the soft and tender fork of
a poor worm," or the "envious worm" that

—— galls the infants of the spring
Too oft, before their buttons be disclosed.

Hamlet Act I. 3

or that bites the bud

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Titus Andronicus Act III. 2

or the

Poor harmless fly
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast kill'd him.

Measure for Measure Act III. 1

or,

The poor beetle, that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance, *finding* a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

to

The kind life-rend'ring pelican.

Hamlet Act IV. 5

or to the

Poor deer weeping in the needless stream,
—— making a testament
As worldlings do, giving *their* sum of more
To that which hath too much.

As You Like It Act II. 2

o: to

The hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace *keeping* on his course.

Richard II. Act V. 2

In short, Bacon lacked that "milk of human kindness," that large-hearted sympathy for the whole human race which in the aggregate was Shakspeare.

Thomas Carlyle, who is no mean authority, and whose influence over contemporaneous literature still continues powerful, says in one of his lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship:—

"The calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare is unexampled. The thing Shakspeare looks at reveals not this or that place of it, but its inmost heart and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said; poetic creation, what is this but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And

is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his *valour*, *candour*, *tolerance*, *truthfulness*; his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph, visible there, too? Great as the world! No twisted poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly level mirror:—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. *NOVUM ORGANUM*, and all the intellect you will find in *BACON*, is of a quite secondary order; carthy, material poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him, too, you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare:—

'His characters are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hours like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible.'"

If we are indebted to Bacon for his zealous and powerful labours to recall Philosophy from the study of fanciful systems to the careful interrogation and interpretation of Nature, the collecting and properly arranging of well-ascertained facts, and for those maxims for the conduct of philosophical enquiry which have contributed to the vast progress physical science has made since his time, we are indebted to Shakspeare for clothing the "fossiliferous cake-dried axioms" of some ancient and modern philosophers with such freshness and rejuvenescence, and launching them with such force, emphasis, and originality that they strike us again as if for the first time.

"My blood," says Othello, "begins my safer guide to rule, and passion *obscures* my best judgment;" and I feel similarly oppressed in having to write so very much to prove what

scarcely demands proof for those who have impartially and carefully read and reflected on the writings of these two great men. I feel a sort of ill humour rising up within me at the "monstrous labour" I have given myself, and the waste of time it will be to my readers in pursuing the subject any further—yet there may be some who may want to make "assurance doubly sure," and to whom other arguments might not be amiss.

The first translation of the Bible into the vernacular, was that by William Tyndale, a Gloucestershire man, who considered his native vocabulary more significant and equally as elegant as those polysyllabic expressions derived from the language of Ancient Rome. The Tyndale and Coverdale Bible of 1535,* which our forefathers welcomed so warmly, and suffered so much for, is the basis of the 1611 edition now in common use. The vernacular dialect of

* Geneva Bible, 2nd year of Elizabeth's reign, 1560. Bishop's Bible, 1568.

the Cotswold district of Glostershire, and that of the Stratford district of Warwickshire is very similar; any one familiar with it and with his Bible and his Shakspeare must have noticed how many words and expressions used by Tyndale in his translation, and by our poet in his plays, are to this day commonly used by the peasantry of Gloster and Warwick Shires, some of whom have never read a line of Shakspeare, and are only familiar with the Bible through the services of that Church, where the Daily Lessons and the Psalms are read in pure English. This I can testify from having been partially educated in the village upon whose "knowl" stands a monument erected, since my school days, to the memory of the martyr who, on the 6th day of October, 1536, perished at the stake for translating that edition of the New Testament which he had promised to give to the ploughboys of Glostershire.

From a most delightful book, which ought to be in the library of every lover of Shakspeare, written by James Walter, and entitled "*Shaks-*

peare's Home and Rural Life," with illustrations of Localities and Scenes around Stratford-on-Avon by the Heliotype process,* I have taken the following excerpts because they are so apt and conclusive for my argument, and better express what I know and feel on the subject than any words of mine could:—

“ John R. Wise, who has discoursed sweetly, and with profound knowledge and appreciation of the great poet, has carefully noted his use of Warwickshire provincialisms and allusions to his native county; as also the more striking phrases found in his plays, and which are still to be heard in the mouths of the Warwickshire peasantry, who, now, more than anybody else

Speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake.

“ If Shakspeare's own style and manner, which is undoubtedly the case, has had a marked influence on subsequent writers, and

* Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer, London :
1874.

even on the English language itself, still his native county left some traces of its dialect even upon him."

"Johnson, himself born in a neighbouring county, first pointed out that the expression "a mankind witch," in the "Winter's Tale" (Act II. scene 3), was a phrase in the Midland Counties for a violent woman. And Malone, too, showed that the singular expression in the "Tempest" (Act I. scene 2), "we cannot miss him," was a provincialism of the same district. It is not asserted that certain phrases and expressions are to be found nowhere else but in Shakspeare and Warwickshire. But it is interesting to know that the Warwickshire girls still speak of their "long purples" and "love in idleness;" and that the Warwickshire boys have not forgotten their "deadmen's fingers;" and that the "nine mens morris" is still played on the corn-bins of the Warwickshire farm stables, and still scored upon the greensward; and that Queen Titania would not have now to complain, as she did in the

Midsummer Night's Dream, that it was choked up with mud; and that "Master Slender" would find his shovel-board still marked on many a public house table and window sill; and that he and "Master Fenton," and "good Master Brook," would, if now alive, hear themselves still so called."

"Take now, for instance, the word "deck," which is so common throughout the Midland Counties, but in Warwickshire is so often restricted to the sense of a hand of cards, and which gives a far better interpretation to Gloster's speech in the Third Part of "King Henry VI." (Act V. Scene 1):—

Alas, that Warwick had no more *forecast*,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the *deck* :

as, of course there might be more Kings than one in the pack, but not necessarily so in the hand. The word "forecast," too, both as verb and noun, is very common throughout both Warwickshire and the neighbouring Counties. This word "forecast" is also used by Spenser,

and others of Shakspeare's contemporaries; and, though obsolete, except among the peasantry of the Midland districts, is still employed by the best American Authors." *

Again in Autolycus's song, in the "Winter's Tale" (Act IV. Scene 2):—

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge—
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging-tooth on edge,
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

All the commentators here explain pugging-tooth, † as a thievish tooth, an explanation which certainly itself requires to be explained; but most Warwickshire country people could tell them that pugging-tooth was the same as pegging or peg-tooth, that is the canine or dog-

* "Forecasts" used in the daily Weather bulletins, issued from Washington. See Charles W. Stearns's "*Shakspeare Treasury*," for Americanisms in Shakspeare.

† See Nares, his Glossary, Words, &c., illustrative of the works of English Authors, particularly Shakspeare and his Contemporaries. London: 1822.

tooth. "The child has not its pegging-teeth yet," old women still say. And thus all the difficulty as to the meaning is at once cleared.

But there is an expression used both by Shakspeare and his contemporaries, which must not be so quickly passed over. Wherever there has been an unusual disturbance or ado, the lower orders round Stratford-on-Avon invariably characterize it by the phrase "there has been *old* work* to-day," which well interprets the Porter's allusion in "Macbeth" (Act III. Scene 3), "If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have *old* turning the key," which is simply explained in the notes as "frequent," but which means far more. So, in the Merchant of Venice (Act IV. Scene 2.) Portia says, "We shall have *old*† swearing;" that is,

* Similar to the provincial phrase "great to do."

† Old is used occasionally in the sense of customary, or familiar, or usual. Your husband is in his *old* lunes again, *i. e.*, customary fit of lunacy. M. W. of W. Act IV. 2. "Thou knowest my *old* ward," says Falstaff. I. Henry IV. Act II. 4. Old acquaintances of this isle. Othello, Act II. 1.

very hard swearing; and in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act I. Scene 4), we find "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience, and the King's English;" and in the Second Part of King Henry IV. (Act II. Scene 4), "By the Mass, here will be old *Utis*."* And so also, in "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act V. Scene 2), Ursula says:—"Madam, you must come to your Uncle; yonder's *old coil*† at home;" and to this day, round Stratford is this use of "*old*" still kept up by the lower classes."

In the Duke of Bourbon's speech (King Henry V. Act III. Scene 5) we have

I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobberly and a dirty farm.

Slobberly or slobberly, is to this day applied to the wet dirty Warwickshire by-roads; in Gloucestershire, slobberly would be now used in the

* *Utis* or *Utas*, the eighth day, or the space of eight days, after any festival. "Utas of Saynte Hilarye," Holinshed.

† *Coil*.—Noise, tumult, difficulty, trouble—mortal coil. Hamlet, Act III. 1. *Old coil*, much or great trouble, abundant, frequent.

sense of spilling water on a floor, or of a child while feeding, messing or wetting the front of his "pin-be-fore." Again we have slabby for wet clayish ground, or for a glutinous kind of mixture, as in the incantation of the Witches in Macbeth (Act IV. Scene 1).

Make the gruel thick and *slab*.

In Hamlet the grave digger says of himself "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years," a common Warwickshire expression to denote a great length of time,—I have been employed here, man and boy, so many years. "Make her grave *straight*." Straight for quickly, is common enough in most of the Midland Counties. "Do't straight," and also "I'll come straight," are as "familiar as household words." Straight and *straightway* in the sense of quickly, at once, instantly, immediately, are commonly used by Shakspeare. In the New Testament, "And they straightway left their Nets" (St. Matthew IV. 20). "And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath day He entered the synagogue" (St. Mark I. 21). "And

when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew Him " (St. Mark VI. 54). " Then fell she down straightway at his feet and yielded up the ghost " (Acts V. 10). " I sent straightway to thee " (Acts XXIII. 30). Straightway means instantly in all these texts.

A peculiar use of the verb " quoth," the Saxon preterite of to speak, is very noticeable among the common people in Warwickshire. " Jerk, *quoth* the ploughshare," that is, the ploughshare went jerk.

It is universally applied to inanimate things, and is used precisely in this sense by the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet (Act I. Scene 3), " Shake, *quoth* the dovehouse." In the fable of the Belly and the Members in " Coriolanus," the Stomach gives this reply to the rebellious limbs :—

True it is, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is, &c.

Again there is a peculiar use of the personal pronoun in Warwickshire, which cannot

minim/

be better illustrated than by Shakspeare himself. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act II. Scene 4), Mercutio says of Tybalt, "He rests me his ~~mind~~ⁱⁿ rest;" and Hotspur, in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* (Act III. Scene 1), thus speaks;—

See how this river comes *me*, cranking in
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous *cantle* * out.

Abbot, in his *Shaksperian Grammar*, has pointed out that the pronoun *me* is very often used by Shakspeare, in virtue of its representing the old dative, where we should use *for me*, *from me*, *with me*.

Give *me* your present to one Master Bassanio.

M. of V. II. 2.

Who does *me* this?

Hamlet II. 2.

Sayest thou *me* so?

II. Hen. VI. II. 1.

The sack that thou hast drunk *me* could have bought *me* lights as good, cheap at the dearest chandlers in Europe.

I Hen. IV. III. 3.

* *Cantle*, a part or share.

- He pluck'd *me* ope his doublet. Jul. Cæ. I. 2.
- He pluck'd *me* to her trencher. T. G. of Ver. IV. 4.
- He thrusts *me* himself into the company. M. of Ver. I. 3.
- The skilful shepherd peel'd *me* certain wands. T. of Sh. I. 2.
- Knock *me* here,— I Hen. IV. II. 4.
- I made *me* no more ado I followed *me* close. Tw. Nt. VI. 1.
- But hear *me* this. Jul. Cæ. III. 2.
- You'll bear *me* a bang for that. I Hen. IV. III. 1.
- And hold *me* pace in deep experiment.

Falstaff says, in praise of good sherris-sack, in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act IV. Scene 3, "It ascends *me* into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours." Pandarus in Troilus and Cressida (Act I. Scene 2), thus describes the love of Helen for Troilus. "She came, and puts *me* her white hand to his clover chin." The expressive compound *blood-bolter'd*, in Macbeth (Act IV. Scene 1), which the critics

have all thought meant blood-stained; now *bolter* is peculiarly a Warwickshire word signifying to clot, collect, or cake, as snow does in a horse's hoof, thus giving the phrase a far greater intensity of meaning. There is the word *gull* in Timon of Athens (Act II. Scene 1).

But I do fear
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked *gull*,
Which flashes now a phoenix ;

which most of the critics have thought alluded to a sea gull, whereas it means an unfledged nestling, which to this day is so called in Warwickshire. And this interpretation throws a light on a passage in First Part of "King Henry VI" (Act V. Scene 1).

You used me so
As that ungentle *gull*, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow ;—

where some notes amusingly say that the word alludes to the voracity of the cuckoo. The Warwickshire farmer's wives, even now, call their young goslings *gulls*.

Contain yourself is a very common Warwickshire phrase for restrain yourself; Timon says to his creditor's servant, "*contain* yourself good friend." (Timon of Athens, Act II. Scene 2). In Troilus and Cressida (Act V. Scene 2) Ulysses says :—

O *contain* yourself,
Your passion draws ears hither.

In the Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act IV. Scene 4), we find Launce using the still rarer phrase of "*keep* himself," in the same sense to his dog Crab, when he says, "O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot *keep* (*i. e.* restrain) himself in all companies."

"It is after all," says James Walter, "touching to think that, amidst the change that is ever going on, the same phrases that Shakspeare spake, are still spoken in his native county, and that the flowers are still called by the same names which he called them."

"Sometimes," says a recent writer who visited Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood, "the cottagers unconsciously quoted

Shakspere's familiar phrases — as Bedouins quote the Bible—and use curious old Warwickshire words which are rarely heard elsewhere, but which carry us back irresistibly to the days when Shakspere was wandering here, and working for us for all time.”

From *SHAKSPEREANA GENEALOGICA*,* in the chapter headed “Remarks on Names belonging to Warwickshire, alluded to in several Plays,” the following excerpts are taken:—

“MR. HALLIWELL has shown that persons of the name of FORD, PAGE, HORNE, or HERNE belonged to Stratford.† In the records of the borough, published by that excellent writer, notices of receipts and payments are found as follows:—

1597, R. of Thomas Fordes wiffe vi s. viij d.

1585, Paid to Herne for iij dayes work, ij s. vj d.

A daughter of Robert Ford was buried at Stratford in 1562-3. John Page is found there

* Compiled by George Russell French, Architect, published by Macmillan & Co. : London & Cambridge, 1869.

† Merry Wives of Windsor—*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*.

in 1566; and one of the same name lived in Henley Street in 1585; Joan, wife of John Page, was buried in January, 1583-4; John Page and his wife are mentioned in the will of Agnes Arden, 1580; a John Page died in 1612. MR. HALLIWELL also proved that a Thomas Page lived in Windsor in 1562; and that several persons of the name of Ford resided there from 1571 to 1600; and also that persons of the name of Evans belonged to Windsor in the latter half of the sixteenth century. But it is quite possible that the Poet selected the name of the quaint "Welsh Parson," SIR HUGH EVANS, from an acquaintance in Stratford, where several Welsh families resided in his time. John Evans is found there in 1585; Evans Rice, Evans Meredith, and Hugh *ap* John, all flourished there at the same period.

In Lodge's *Rosalind*, or *Euphues's Golden Legacie*, the story which furnished Shakspeare with the plot of his charming comedy, it is stated that the old Knight, called Sir John of Bordeaux, had three sons, Saladyne, Fernan-

dyne and Rosader; these names are altered by the Poet to Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando.* Now it is very probable that Shakspeare took the name of his Knight from an old but extinct family of great note in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, whose memory was long preserved in the latter county; Sir Ernald, or Arnold de Boys, Arnold being easily transposed to Roland and thence we have Orlando. The manor of *Weston-in-Arden* was held by Sir Ernald de Boys, *temp* Edw. I. paying yearly to the Earl of Leicester, to whom he was Seneschal, "one hound called a Brache, and seven pence in money for all services." DUGDALE, *Warwickshire*, page 41. The species of hound herein specified illustrates a passage in the *Induction to the Taming of the Shrew*, where the lord enters from hunting:—

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
Bathe Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brache.

* See SHAKSPERE'S LIBRARY, a collection of the ancient Novels, Romances, Legends, Poems and Histories, used by Shakspeare; by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

There were four generations in succession of Lords of the Manor of *Weston-in-Arden*, each of whom is called Sir Ernald de Bosco, or de Boys.

The name of the melancholy Lord Jaques belongs to Warwickshire, where it is pronounced as one syllable; "Thomas Jakes of Wonersh" was one of the List of Gentry of the Shire, 12 Henry VI. 1433. At the surrender of the Abbey of Kenilworth, 26 Henry VIII. 1535, the Abbot was Simon Jakes, who had the large pension of 100*l. per annum* granted to him. *Monasticon*, Vol. VI.

A family by the name of SLV, rendered famous by their place in the Induction of the Taming of the Shrew, resided at Stratford, and elsewhere in the County, in the Poet's time; and he no doubt drew the portrait of the drunken tinker from the life. Stephen Sly was a labourer in the employ of William Combe, 13 Jac. I. 1616. (Page 330 Halliwell's *Stratford Records*). In the Borough Records there is an entry of a fine paid in 1630,—“Item of Joan Slie for

breaking the Sabbath by traveling, 3s. 4d." *Life of Shakspeare*, page 115. In Scene 2 (Induction), wherein Bartholomew the Page personates "the lady" of the supposed lord, Christopher Sly asks the real lord, disguised as a servant,—

What must I call her?

LORD. Madam,

SLY A'lce Madam, or Joan Madam?

One of the servants tells Kit Sly,—

Why, Sir, you know no house, nor such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece, &c.*

It would seem quite certain that Stephen and Joan Sly were the parents of the drunken tinker, and that the whole family would be well known to many a spectator of the play, especially if acted in Warwickshire. The name of the page was that of one of Shakspeare's wife's brothers, Bartholomew Hathaway. Forty three

* Mr. Halliwell conjectures that "Old John Naps of Greece," should be of "Greet" which is a hamlet in the Parish of Winchcombe, Co. Gloucester, but at no great distance from Stratford.

years after Shakspeare's death another Warwickshire poet alludes to the "Sheer ale" which "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot," scored against Kit Sly.* Sir Aston Cockain, in 1659, addressed an Epistle in verse to his friend (Sir) "Clement Fisher of Wincot;" the following lines have been often quoted:—

"Shakspeare, your Wincot ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so, by chance was found
Sleeping, that there needed not many a word
To make him believe he was a lord.
But you affirme, and it seems most eager
'Twill make a Lord as drunk as any beggar,
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances;
And let us meet there, for a fit of gladness,
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

The drunken tinker calls himself "old Sly's son of Burton Heath;" this locality may be

* Induction. Sc. ii.—Sly says:—"Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom."

The name of Hacket is still found in the neighbourhood of Stratford.

meant for Barton-on-the-Heath, which is only a few miles to the south of Stratford.

In the serious business of *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of Petruchio's servants is called "Curtis;" this was a Stratford name. Anne Curteys, widow, a knitter was living there in 1607; and John Curteys, a carpenter is found there in 1615. In Petruchio's household twelve or thirteen of his men servants are named, of whom, one only, the "ancient, trusty, pleasant Grumio" belongs to Italy, all the rest are most thoroughly English; and as Philip, Nathaniel, Nicholas, Joseph, and Gabriel, are not common names, we incline to believe that Shakspeare took them from his contemporaries, Philip Henslowe, Nathaniel Field, Nicholas Tooley, Joseph Taylor, and, probably, Gabriel Harvey, a poet, the friend of Spenser.*

Among the characters in the play of Henry V. are three soldiers, whose Christian names are

* The four first named were actors—see Colliers's *Annals of the Stage*, 1831. John Murray, London.

found in the Folio of 1623, and therefore very properly retained in this Edition, although usually omitted. "John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams," are private soldiers in King Henry's army. These surnames all belong to Stratford, at the Poet's day, and it is remarkable that no biographer has yet noticed this fact; and we are indebted to MR. HALLIWELL'S *Records* for these names, although they are not alluded to by him in his Notes to the play. In *the Chronicle Historie of Henry the Fift*, no names are given to the "three Souldiers;" from which omission we gather that Shakspeare, in the revised play, supplied the surnames from certain Stratford families of his acquaintance:

The valiant but choleric Captain Fluellen, bears a Stratford name; William Fluellen being mentioned in the company of John Shakspeare and George Bardolf as recusants, and not coming to Church, in 1592. Anne Fluellen, widow, lived at Stratford, in 1604, and appears in the Chamberlain's books.

Many places in Warwickshire are the scenes of action, or are mentioned in the plays. In the *First part of King Henry IV.* Falstaff arrives near Coventry with his "scarecrows," as he calls his 150 pressed men, "slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth," with whom he is ashamed to march through Coventry, on their way to Sutton-Coldfield where they are to rest that night; Act IV. Scene 2. And when Prince Hal enters on the scene, Falstaff accosts him in his familiar fashion,—“What Hal? How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?”

In the *Third part of King Henry VI.* Act IV. Sc. 2, the action is laid in "*A Plain in Warwickshire:*" and Sc. 3 is Edward's Camp near Warwick. One of the architectural glories of Warwickshire is introduced by name. *Second part of King Henry VI.* Act IV. Sc. 4,

My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

and the action of Sc. 9 is laid at *Kenilworth Castle.* Enter KING, and QUEEN on the Terrace.

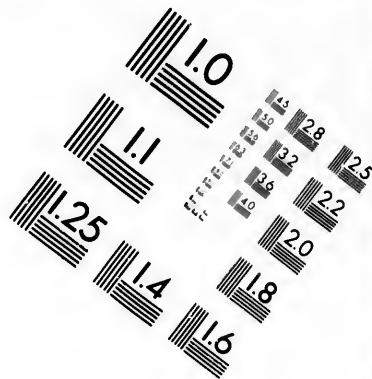
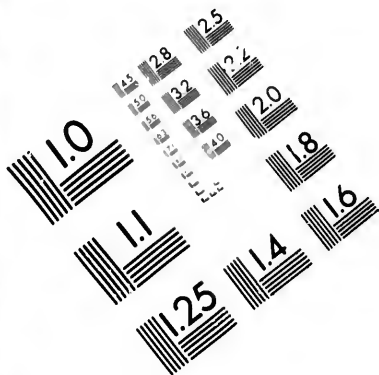
It seems strange that after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, many of the striking phrases found in the plays should still be heard among the peasantry of Warwickshire, aye, and some of the sir-names are still familiar to them

To my mind this internal evidence is worth more than all the *ifs* and conjectures of Nathaniel Holmes—the *ambiguæ voces*—about Bacon and his parallels. As existing monuments, sculptures, gems, coins, and medals most powerfully and satisfactorily speak for themselves and demonstrate the truth of Revelation in language which no sophistry can evade, so the dialect, idioms, and provincialisms of the Midland Counties attest the fact that the author of Shakspeare's plays must have known Warwickshire well; and we know Shakspeare to have been born and buried at Stratford-on-Avon.

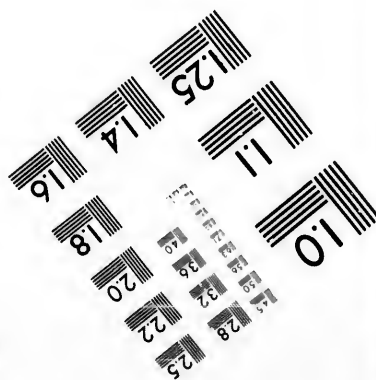
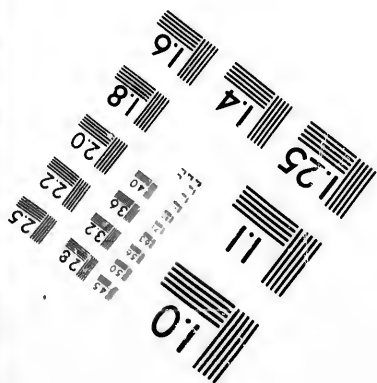
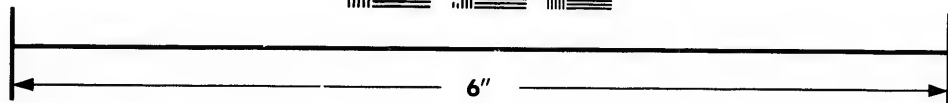
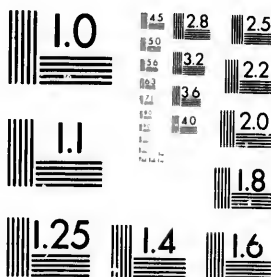
Under his monument in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church are these words:—

Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem.

In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil.



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which, of course, according to the "Baconian Theorists," is a lying epithet, "a huge translation of hypocrisy." The line is only applicable to Bacon, who was the morning star of poetry, the guide, the pioneer of all philosophy; the great Lord Chancellor who had all the attributes of a poet—breadth of thought; depth of insight; weight of matter; brevity, force, and beauty of expression; brilliant metaphor; using all nature as a symbol of thought, and possessing that supreme power of imagination which is necessary to make an artistic creator, adding man to the Universe.

Thousands of scholars, reflective beings, honest and impartial judges and critics think the line only applicable to Shakspeare. From the Wilds of Canada, the Prairies of America, and the Plains of Australia, many loving Pilgrims have gone to his monument and wept after reading the second line of the epitaph:—

Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.

The earth covers him, the people mourn for him,
[Olympus has him.]

and with their

Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears
have gone to that flat stone bearing the following inscription :—*

Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones ;

* It is very doubtful whether these lines were written by Shakspeare—as some have pretended they were—the probability is that they were written by the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, to whose wife, Susanna, he devised all his real estate for life, and then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male. It was a stereotyped form, a quatrain very generally adopted before Shakspeare's time, and occasionally used after his time in the same way that a similar curse in Latin is found in the Catacombs of Rome. On not a few of the stones in this ancient place of Christian Sepulture, anathemas are pronounced against such impious men as shall dare disturb the sanctity of the grave.

MALE PEREAT INSEPULTVS
JACEAT NON RESVRGAT
CVM IVDIA PARTEM HABEAT
SI QVIS SEPVLCRVM HVNC VIOLAVERIT.

(May he perish badly, and, deprived of sepulture, may

and reverentially watered it with a "teary shoure."

The injunction which the lines convey has hitherto been obeyed, the disturbing the poet's bones has not been attempted by any sacrileg-ist; but there has been a worse sacrilege wan-

he lie dead and never rise; may he share lots with Judas, he who violates this sepulchre).

Nathaniel Holmes writes thus irreverently of the Poet and the Epitaph:—"Shakspere not deeming he had written anything worthy of preservation, stole in silence to his grave beneath a doggrel Epitaph reputed to have been written by himself, and certainly suitable enough for his bones, by the side of which the knowing friends, who erected a monument over him, caused to be inscribed a Latin Memento which might indeed do honor to the 'Star of Poets' (Francis Bacon):—"

"Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet ;"

any man might wonder, if he did not laugh outright, to see this son of Momus wearing thus his Lion's skin in his tomb."

This is high treason against the crowned head of the English Drama.—It is simply monstrous.

tonly and ignorantly committed by these "Baconian Theorists" in trying to rob Shakspeare of his literary fame, and disturbing the innocent and sacred belief of thousands and tens of thousands that Shakspeare is himself, not Bacon.

THE END.

